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THE MAN IN THE MOON.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

"There's a poor, lone man in the moon above,"
A maiden sung, by her lattice bar,
As she dreamt her happy dream of love,
Under the moon and the vesper star.
"I play him false, he lies to me,
Yes, in, year out, and my Jamie's known,
That the saddest fate that was ever known
Is a lonely life through earth's long ways.
"Oh, man in the moon, when you see us stand
Here by the gate in the still, sweet night,
And Jamie whispers and holds my hand,
Perhaps you laugh, poor man, at the sight.
But I know in your world, Jamie,
All the sons in your world are known,
When you see the wooing of other men,
And never a maiden for you to care.
"Man in the moon, you laugh at me;
Little I care, for my Jamie's near.
Men that are under the moon for me;
Jamie is coming—here, here is here!
Oh, my Jamie, you tarried late;
I've been talking with some dear man.
Gives will frit if their lovers wait.
Gives who wait, if you are late.
"Man in the moon, you know full well,
But keep the secret and never tell,
But remember, Jamie, if you are late,
I shall frit with this man while I have to wait!"



But the Turk, a master of his weapon, steadily forced the Cretan back to the shelter of a marble arch.

I have grown gray since then, and my face is tracked with age and suffering; but see, the moon is just the same as then—it's smiling face is just as young, just as calm as then.

"Ah! curse the moon!—it drives me mad—ay, does it not, each month, launch forth upon the blue of heaven as a crescent, and is not the crescent the symbol of the hated Turk?

"Ah! curse the moon!—no, no, no, I must not curse what God hath made."

For a moment the form was bent, the eyes drooping downward, and the man seemed overwhelmed with woe; but suddenly he glanced up again, and his arms once more outstretched, while in ringing tones, that broke startlingly upon the deep silence, he called out:

"Ho! the moon! give my wings to fly over the earth, oh! thou glorious moon, that I may seek her—ay, and take her back to my heart—that I may find him and stain my scimitar with his life's blood."

"Ha! ha! ha! you will not grant my pray—ers—no, I see you smile calmly down upon my face—rejoice in the sorrows of thy slave, for I am thy slave—bound heart and brain in thy silvery fetters."

"They say she is still with him in a foreign land—they say she has forgotten her child, but they lie who tell me so—she will return, and the glorious moon will light her pathway over the sea—ha! see the moonlight falls upon white sails—see! the vessel is coming in shore—aha! bright, glorious moon, that I may seek her—ay, and take her back to my heart—that I may find him and stain my scimitar with his life's blood."

"Ha! ha! ha! you will not grant my pray—ers—no, I see you smile calmly down upon my face—rejoice in the sorrows of thy slave, for I am thy slave—bound heart and brain in thy silvery fetters."

"The voice, that suddenly broke the stillness, was cold and stern—the language that of the Turk.

He was attired in the national costume of Crete—jacket and leggings of blue velvet, embroidered with silk, and upon his head wore a red fez, while at his side hung a scimitar of rare finish.

For a long time he stood like a statue, his arms folded across his breast, his eyes fixed upon the distant sail, while the sun went down beyond the mountain range, and darkness crept slowly over land and sea.

Still he moved not, leaning against a broken column centuries old, his gaze still turned seaward, unmindful of the mournful sound of the sea fretting against the rocks, the wail of the rising wind, or the shriek of some night-bird from its covert in the inland forest of orange-trees beyond the hill.

Presently a reddish glare stole over the scene of wave, rocky shore and wild ruin, and far off over the sea appeared the moon, arising from its bed of waters, to keep vigil through the night, and flinging its silvery beams across the bosom of the Mediterranean, and penetrating the dark recesses of the massive, decaying temple.

Instantly the calm manner of the man changed—his eyes flashed fire, his features worked convulsively, while he stretched forth his trembling hand toward the moon as if in supplication.

Then his lips moved, and he said, in a tone of touching sadness:

"Yes, I am mad—mad to pray to the moon to bring her back to me; but why does the moon madden my brain like this?—why does its silver light set my brain on fire?

"I love the moon, for it gilds the earth and sea with beauty—not I hate the moon, for it witnessed the dread scene enacted here, here beneath this crumbling ruin, long years ago—ay, it looked down upon that bitter struggle—it saw me fall before the attack of him who had wronged me—it lit the path, and hers, in their flight from me, and there was no pity in its gaze as it beheld me lying bleeding there."

The milk-white teeth of the Turk glittered,

as his lips parted, and upon his mouth beamed a cruel smile.

After a while he said, in cold, cutting tones: "The charms of the once fair Alfarida have faded sadly, in the years that have gone by, since that night when she fled from your arms to mine—she is no longer the star of my harren, and I would gladly have her return to you, for inquiry has made known to me that you still love her; yet I ask a price for her, El Estin."

"Name your price, Turk, and you shall have it."

"It is to exchange Alfarida for thy beautiful daughter Kaloolah."

With the shriek of a madman El Estin threw himself upon the Turk, who, by an exhibition of wonderful strength, hurled him back, and then stood on the defensive, with scimitar drawn.

With his own weapon presented, El Estin pressed rapidly forward to the attack, and the two gleaming blades crossed with a ringing sound that sent many an echo through the ruin.

"Dog of a Turk! I will have your life," hissed the Cretan, and he attacked Al Sirat with wondrous strength and skill, for one whose gray hair and beard would denote a man in the decline of life.

Then the Turk's cruel tones were heard:

"Fifteen years ago, El Estin, I left you for dead in this very ruin—this night your doom is sealed."

"Ay, you left me for dead, and you took from me her whom I loved better than life—you brought sorrow, dishonor, and suffering upon me, and made me an old man before my time—and for it, Al Sirat, you shall die, if I have strength and skill left in my arm to kill you," and the Cretan pressed his enemy with increased rigor.

But the Turk was a master of his weapon, and for a while acted wholly on the defensive, yet it would seem not from any feelings of mercy; but, after a while his manner changed, and he went to work with deadly intention, and steadily forced the Cretan back to the shelter of a marble arch.

Here El Estin stood at bay, and fierce indeed waged the combat; but with untiring energy the Turk pressed on, until, by a skillful movement, he struck down the blade of his foe, and thrust his own keen scimitar at the life of the Cretan.

With a half-cry of mingled pain and despair, the Cretan tottered forward, his scimitar failing from his nerveless grasp, and ringing clear and loud upon the stone pavement.

Then with outstretched arms toward the moon, he cried in tones of anguish:

"At last, by his hands I have met my death—and then, oh! cruel, smiling moon, that hast witnessed the wicked triumph—ah—curses! Al Sirat—curses—Alfarida—I—Kala—"

With a heavy thud the wounded man fell to the earth, where he lay all limp and motionless.

With stern brow and triumphant smile, the Turk stood gazing down upon him—stood, as in joyous reverie over his deed—then he started suddenly, for he seemed to feel rather than discover another presence near him.

A shadow swept before him, and his eyes almost started from their sockets, he seemed almost bereft of the power to move.

"Yes, I will end my life here, here in these dark waters, and may a just God, who knows my anguish, forgive me the deed. He will pity me."

Before him, and standing in the ruined arch-

way, half in shadow, half in moonlight, was a weird-looking form—a woman, clad in a loose flowing mantle of snow-white.

Adown her back, and upon her shoulders, hung masses of pink hair, while one arm was stretched out, the finger pointing directly toward the heart of the Turk.

"Accursed Turk—go!"

The voice was deep, almost sepulchral in its tone; but it had a determined ring that at once caused the Turk to obey.

With a cry of commingled fear and horror, he turned and fled swiftly from the scene, fully convinced that he had been warned away from the ruin by a spirit from the grave.

CHAPTER II.

THE SUICIDE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, the metropolis of the land of the Turk, the link that binds Europe with the past of centuries ago, lay in deep repose, for the hour was late, and all good Mahomedans had sought rest.

Without, the night was unusually severe, and a rain-storm skinned along the deserted streets, the winds howled along the house-tops, and whistled mournfully through the rigging of the numerous vessels lying at anchor in the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, whose waters were lashed into foam-capped waves.

The hum of busy life had died away, the rumble of wheels had ceased, and only the Turkish guard patrolled the lonely thoroughfares, or shrank, shivering and miserable, into some friendly shelter under the lee of a house.

Yet there was one wayfarer, indifferently facing the storm, and breathing the icy breath of the gale, as he strode slowly down a deserted street, his shadow, cast by the flickering lamps, dancing about like some giant demon of the darkness.

He was strangely clad for that oriental city of the Turk, for his head was covered by no fez, his band was guiltless of the costume of the East, but instead, he wore the attire of a European.

With no cloak about his shoulders, his slouch hat dripping wet, and the fierce rain pelting him unmercifully and saturating his clothing, he presented a pitiable sight indeed, as he wandered listlessly along, as though not knowing, or caring, whither he went.

At length the wind swept more fiercely in his face, and he shrunk visibly from its contact, while he glanced nervously around him.

"Is this chance—or has my destiny led me here to die?" he muttered, in pure English, his eyes swept over the scene.

He had reached the shores of the Bosphorus, and was standing where the force of the gale chilled him to the heart.

For some moments he stood in gloomy silence, and then again his lips parted in low mutterings:

"Come—I will soon make you comfortable," and taking the arm of the young man, the stranger led him on board the vessel, and down into the brightly-lighted cabin, where the rays of the swinging lamp fell upon the faces of both.

Each man at once glanced quickly into the face of the other—and each was struck with what he there saw.

The one was a man of splendid physique, graceful in carriage, and attired in a threadbare suit of clothes.

His face was pale, haggard, yet strangely

American, but name unknown—will be all that will be said of me.

"My God! that I should have come to this—I, who was reared in luxury; who once had fond parents and loving sisters to care for me—I, who once won a name in my own land as a gallant soldier—to die thus, a vagabond in a foreign land—to die by my own act, is terrible—to die here in this Infidel land of the Turk—a sad ending to a life once bright and joyous.

"But I must not shrink now—there is no hope for me—here must be my grave."

As the unhappy man spoke, he gazed unshrinkingly down into the dark waters of the Bosphorus, and said, in a voice that did not quiver:

"God in heaven! forgive my act—hal! what sound is that?

"Hark! the noise of combat—"

With lightning speed the man bounded away in the direction from whence came the sounds that had so opportunely prevented his self-destruction—an instant later and the sound would have fallen upon ears forever dulled by death.

A short run brought him upon a scene of excitement. A man, in a heavy cloak, stood against a wall, and with drawn scimitar was defending himself from the attack of four burl Turks, who were pressing him hard.

At his feet lay the motionless form of one of his assailants; but those who remained were evidently seeking his life, for one of them was just raising a long pistol to shoot him down, when the weapon was suddenly snatched from his hand, and fell with a heavy blow upon his head, crushing in the skull.

It was the intended suicide who had dealt the blow, and having come to the rescue he bounded into the midst of the *mele*, whirling in his hand the blade of the man he had slain.

Striking up the weapons of the Turks, with a skill that proved himself a master at fence, he confronted them with bold mien and determined daring.

But, discomfited by the fall of two of their number, the Turks seemed in no mood to continue the struggle, and at once beat a hasty retreat around the nearest corner.

"You have done me good service, sir, and I would not have you suffer on my account—so follow me," said the rescued man, grasping the hand of his preserver, and drawing him quickly away from the scene.

"Why should we fly—I but aided you against a band of cutthroats?" coolly replied the young man, speaking in French, the language in which he had been addressed.

"You mistake—these men whom we have slain are secret soldiers of the sultan—they attacked me for a purpose I cannot explain—come, the alarm is given, and we must away would we save our lives."

Without awaiting a reply the man again drew his preserver onward, hurrying along in the direction of the water.

Halting at the shore he gave a low whistle, and immediately after, out on the dark waters, was visible an approaching boat, in which were the forms of half a dozen men.

"Enter, sir—quick, please," said the stranger, as the boat touched the shore, and the forms of pursuit were heard behind them.

Unvoluntarily the young man sprung into the boat—his companion followed quickly, and a low word of command sent the little craft flying away over the dark waters.

"Full with a will, men; I have left that being which would cost me my life were I taken."

The young man glanced quickly up—his strange companion had addressed his men in the Greek tongue—then he observed how silently the boat sped over the waters—the oars were muffled—evidently there was some mystery at the bottom of all this.

Yet he felt indifferent to consequences—his intention to end his life had merely been postponed—the scene in which he had been engaged was almost forgotten in his own gloomy thoughts.

Who, or what was his strange companion he cared little—he was just then drifting with the tide of circumstances which must eventually bear him back to misery.

Seeing that his companion shrank from the cold blast that swept over the water, the commander of the boat drew from the locket a heavy robe and threw it around him, saying kindly:

"This is a bitter night to be out without heavy clothing—you should have worn your cloak."

"All that I possess in the world I have on my back."

The grim tone of the young man struck his companion strangely, and he glanced searching into his face, while he said:

"Then life has been unkind to you, it would seem—but here we are, and by force of circumstances I must make you my guest."

As he spoke the boat ran under the lee of a large schooner, lying at anchor, but restlessly tugging at the cable, as though anxious to be free.

"Come—I will soon make you comfortable," and taking the arm of the young man, the stranger led him on board the vessel, and down into the brightly-lighted cabin, where the rays of the swinging lamp fell upon the faces of both.

Each man at once glanced quickly into the face of the other—and each was struck with what he there saw.

The one was a man of splendid physique, graceful in carriage, and attired in a threadbare suit of clothes.

His face was pale, haggard, yet strangely

handsome, and one who had seen much of the world, and meeting him in any land, would at once have pronounced him an American—a man who had seen better days in the bygone.

Though shrunk up with cold, dripping wet, and poverty-clad, he was every inch the gentleman, while his dark eyes, though sunken, were full of fire, and his face noble, though pinched with suffering, which caused him to look thirty-five, when his age was really ten years younger.

The other was a man with darkly-brown face, dark hair and beard, both worn long, and a form of medium size, yet denoting strength and activity of no common order.

He had a bold, determined look, his eyes were black and ever restless, and his movements quick and decided.

Throwing aside his cloak the act displayed his Greek attire, while at his belt hung a glittering scimitar.

Having quickly scanned the face of his companion, he raised the fez cap from his head, and then threw aside a wig and a false beard, the act leaving his face shaded by only a long mustache and short brown curls clustering about his temples.

"You see I trust you, sir," he said, in pleasant tones, and then he continued:

"You are welcome on board my vessel—which but for you would now be without a commander."

"What circumstances caused you to be alone and friendless in this land of the Turk I will not inquire into; you saved my life, and I am ready now to aid you."

The young man made no reply, and his companion continued:

"If I mistake not you are an American, and such care hold no sympathy with the Infidel Turk—you have yourself confessed to your poverty, so pardon me if I say that I can make you an offer of lucrative employment—that is, if you are willing to join me in an enterprise of desperate danger."

"In what service, captain?"

"In one of honor, I pledge you my word. Are you afraid to risk your life?"

"No—when I went to your rescue I was going—"

"Where?"

"To death."

"Good God! do you mean what you say?" cried the seaman, impressed by the manner of the other.

"Yes—you saved my life—for, to aid you, I turned away from my intention to end my misery in the dark waters of the Bosphorus."

"I will not ask you what has brought you to this—I feel that it was not by dishonor; thank God we met as we did," and the seaman extended his hand, while he spoke in perfect English, and continued:

"I need just such a man as you to aid me—will you go with me?"

"Whither?"

"Does a man who was going to take his own life fear to follow where another man dare lead?"

"No—I will go; but why, if your employment is one of honor, do I find you in disguise, and at war with the soldiers of the sultan?"

"Because I am a hunted man—because I have drawn my sword in defense of the cross against the crescent of the Turk—because I would see the fair isle of Crete free from the rule of the sultan—"

"You have said enough—I am with you heart and hand—poor Crete has all of my sympathy in its present struggle."

"Circumstances over which I held no control made me a wanderer in a foreign land, and despair nearly drove me to my death."

The Cretan held forth his hand, which the American warmly grasped, and thus was sealed a friendship between those two so strangely met—the one in the service of a once mighty people, and whose greatness lay buried beneath the ruined temples of their forefathers—the other a son of a new nation, another world, as it were, whose bark of state, launched but a century ago, was to sail over the same stormy seas that had wrecked Rome, Greece, and other mighty governments of antiquity.

CHAPTER III.

THE EXILE'S STORY.

WITH the morning sun the storm died away, and the Bosphorus was no longer swept into restlessness by the chafing wind that had hurried across the waters during the hours of darkness.

From the town, as the sunlight gilded the domes, minarets and pinnacles of the oriental city of Constantinople, came the hum of busy life, for the world of Mohammedanism was awake once more to the cares and pleasures of the day.

No longer tugging restlessly at her anchors, the schooner, which had so strangely become the haven of refuge to the intended suicide of the night before, lay calmly upon the clear waters, her sails closely furled, her crew silently moving about the decks, and all presenting a scene of complete repose.

Yet there was something ominous, almost, in the quietude on board the vessel, which by the light of day proved to be a large yacht, apparently built for both speed and sea-going qualities.

Her hull was exceedingly long, lean and crouched low in the water amidships, while both the stern and bow were considerably elevated.

Excepting two bands or belts, of blue and white, running around the bulwarks, the hull was painted jet black, while in strange contrast, the masts and spars were snow-white.

The masts were slender, very tall, and raked saucily, while a needle-like bowsprit projected far out over the waters, sheltering the figure-head—a muscular arm, painted blood-red, and grasping a silver scimitar.

That the yacht was not wholly for pleasure, was evident, as her decks were armed with a battery of seven steel guns of the most approved pattern, and her masts were encircled by racks, containing boarding-pikes, cutlasses, and muskets.

Over all there rested an air of perfect neatness and discipline, while the score of her crew visible were dressed in a uniform of blue, trimmed with white.

At the fore-top floated the red flag of the Turk, with its white star and crescent, and at the peak fluttered the ensign of Great Britain, proving that the beautiful vessel was either an English cruiser or an armed pleasure yacht, whose master's wanderings carried him into dangerous waters, where it was well to be prepared for self-protection.

Within the spacious, and luxuriously-furnished cabin, sat two persons at breakfast—the two men already introduced to the reader, and destined to play no small part in the scenes of this romance.

The master of the vessel was attired in a handsome uniform of dark blue cloth trimmed with silver lace, while his sash of woven silk, scimitar, and naval cap, lay upon a divan near by.

His companion was pale, calm-looking, and quiet, but the haggard, despairing look had vanished from his face, and he seemed no longer hopeless.

He was attired in a uniform similar to the one worn by the seaman, though not so elaborately trimmed with silver lace, and in spite of his face, was an exceedingly handsome man who had seen better days in the bygone.

The two had become well acquainted, it would seem, for an easy confidence existed between them, which the seaman furthermore increased by saying, when the meal was finished:

"Now, Mr. Malvern, I will tell you who and what I am—and in so doing I place my life in the hands of a man whom I have not yet known twenty-four hours."

"I appreciate your confidence, Captain Delos—one of these days I will tell you of myself; but not now," calmly answered Paul Malvern, as he lighted a cigar, handed him by his companion, and threw himself into an easy seat.

Julian Delos slowly applied the match to his cigar, drew a few puffs of smoke therefrom, and then tossed it from him, while he paced the cabin thoughtfully for a moment.

Then he took a seat near the American and said, in his deep, musical tones:

"Mr. Malvern, the noble conduct of England's greatest poet, Byron, in casting his fortunes with the Greeks, inspired my father, an English nobleman, to seek that classic land, and offer his sword against the Turk."

"Of his numerous adventures I will not speak, except to say that he was taken prisoner, and would have died by the bow-string, had he not been rescued by a Cretan girl—one whom he had often met and learned to love."

"That maiden afterward became my mother, for my father married her, and together they returned to England, after more than a year's hiding from the Turks in the mountains of Crete."

"It was while thus in concealment that I was born, and shortly afterward my parents escaped from the island in an open boat, and were picked up at sea by an American cruiser and carried to Liverpool.

"But years after another revolution against Turkish tyranny broke out in Crete, and once more my parents returned to the island, to my father to offer his sword again to the brave patriots.

"Alas! it proved his death—he was captured and executed, and once more my mother was a fugitive with myself, a mere boy; yet, boy though I was, the sultan pronounced the sentence of death against me and against my mother, should we ever again enter the Turkish territory."

"My father's title and estates descended to me, and perhaps I should have been content to have lived in England; but there seemed born in me a demon of unrest, and daily witnessing the brooding sorrow of my poor mother, I grew up longing for revenge against the slayers of my father.

"At the same time my mother instilled into my heart an undying love for my native land—the fair isle of Crete, and as I grew in years I longed to strike a blow for its freedom."

"Ere I was of age my mother sunk to her last rest, and found a grave in English soil; but with her dying breath she made me promise to one day aid my native land.

"The death of my mother, who had been all in all to me, made me more restless and lonely, and building a yacht, and receiving permission from the Queen to arm her, as I expected to cruise in all parts of the world, I left England, and for years I went from land to land, until every sea has known the sharp keel of my vessel.

"Being in your own land, when the civil war broke out, I drew my sword in defense of the South, and fought until the conquered banner went down in gloom; but this war experience made me long to reveal again in battle,

and against the hated Turk, and I at once sailed for Greece.

"Under my mother's maiden name, Delos, I visited once more the isle of Crete, and then boldly dropped anchor in the Bosphorus.

"To my joy I found that my countrymen were then trembling on the verge of revolution, and making myself known to them, I was received into their councils. The result is that I am now here in Constantinople, loading my vessel with arms, ammunition, and supplies for the Cretans, who, as you know, have boldly raised the cross agains the crescent."

"Yes; and they are making a bold stand for it. But can I ask Captain Delos, why you come to Constantinople for arms—this, the head and center of your foes?"

The Cretan smiled grimly, and then said:

"The bolder an act, the more certain its success. Were I to arm my vessel in foreign ports, it would cause me to be hunted down by the cruisers of the countries whose laws I broke; with Turkey I am already at war—by Turkey I am already sentenced to death, and hence I came hither, for we have good friends here, even under the shadow of the Sublime Porte."

"And so true have been my friends that my vessel is now fully loaded with all the arms and supplies we can carry."

"And you have done this beneath the very eyes of the Turk, and not been suspected?" asked Paul Malvern, with admiring surprise.

"Yes; yet I feel confident that I was suspected to-day—not suspected as the owner of this craft, but suspected as the exiled Cretan, for I was watched, and, as you know, to-night I would not be sleeping in the Bosphorus."

"Then I should have thought that you would have set sail last night."

"Yes, it would have been best, I admit; but I have a motive for remaining. It was that motive that urged me the more in coming to the Sublime Porte for my arms."

"Her husband, having been a merchant revolutionary, was one of the first to fall in the present struggle, whi le his wife fell beneath the scimitar of the cruel Turk."

"They had two children, a son of twenty, who it is feared shared the same fate as his father, and a daughter of seventeen, who was taken by the Turkish officer in command and sent to his harem here on the banks of the Bosphorus—"

"That you shall soon know. Arise and come with me," sternly replied the Cretan.

The slave silently and morosely obeyed, while his small black eyes glanced nervously around, perhaps with a view to seize upon some plan of escape.

A walk of a hundred yards brought them to the shrub-enbankment avenue, at the foot of which awaited the boat.

"Well, Taras, you are on the alert, I see," said Julian Delos, as the coxswain of the calque arose suddenly and confronted them.

* Equal to the rank of general.—THE AUTHOR.

and Zuleikah from the cruel fate for which the Turk intends her, and in that rescue I expect your aid."

"And you shall have it; I am with you, heart and hand."

"Thank you, my friend; I know that you will prove a tower of strength on my side; but let me say that, if we can gain the ear of one person in the harem, our duty will be light."

"Who is this person?"

"She is now a woman advanced in years; once she was the fairest daughter of the isle of Crete, but that was years ago."

"She married a Cretan, a man of family and wealth, and the result of their union was a daughter."

"But the beauty of the young mother attracted the admiration of a Turkish noble, a young and handsome officer, who won her love from her husband, and urged her to fly with him."

"The guilty lovers were surprised in their trysting-place by the indignant husband, and a combat followed, wherein the Cretan was struck down and left for dead by the Turk."

"Then the lovers fled, and the beautiful Alfarida became the inmate of a harem, the favorite of the cruel Turk, for whose love she had fled from her home."

"But the Cretan did not die; he recovered, and devoted himself to his little daughter; yet, strange to say, taught her to reverse the memory of her mother, whom he never ceased to love."

"Nay, more: he loves her to this day, and a slave, one who waited in the Turk's harem, having visited our island, and reported that Alfarida was tired of life, and wished to return to her home, her husband has longed to see her."

"Years have passed since the Ethiopian slave told the poor husband of the wish of his faithless wife, and daily the mourning man hopes for her return."

"This man, El Estin by name, is one of our prominent leaders, though secretly, and I feel that if Alfarida returned to him he would devote his whole energy in the cause of Crete, and therefore I am anxious to have her do so."

"Now she and my cousin Zuleikah are in the same harem, and I determined to rescue both of them. It is a dangerous game to play, here on the banks of the Golden Horn, but I feel that we will be successful."

"We can at least make the attempt, Captain Delos—"

"Yes—and this very night."

CHAPTER IV.

A BOLD VENTURE.

THE night broke in unclouded splendor upon land and water, mirroring the stars, the trees, the vessels and the minarets and pinnacles of Constantinople in the unclouded depths of the strait which stretched majestically away between the two shores toward the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora.

Upon the banks of a peninsula, formed by a small creek flowing into the crystal waters of the Bosphorus, stood a large kiosk—the villa of some wealthy noble.

Around it were gardens of rare beauty, and wafted over the waters was a breeze laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers.

Shrubs, orange-trees and numerous other flower-bearing bushes lined the walks, while the falling of waters, thrown into the air by fountains, broke pleasantly upon the ear, for though the night was cool it was not unpleasantly so.

The kiosk was a large, rambling structure built wholly in the pinnacled, oriental style of architecture, and half surrounded as it was by water, seemed a secluded retreat in which one could dream away the hours of life.

Presently over the limpid waters of the Bosphorus glided a large *calque*, containing two cloaked forms besides the four oarsmen.

With rapid stroke it advanced toward the shore, down to which sloped the beautiful garden, and was then allowed to drift slowly in against the hedge that bordered the grounds.

"Come, signor; we will land. Taras, seize and hold any one who approaches the boat," and so saying the speaker sprung ashore, followed immediately by a tall form.

The two were Julian Delos and Paul Malvern, and they had boldly invaded the grounds that surrounded the kiosk of Al Sirat Pasha.

A walk of a few moments brought them to an orange bower, almost under the shadows of the harem walls, and here they halted.

In silence they waited for full an hour, and then a man came around the corner of the kiosk, and turned his steps in the direction of the water-stairs.

In the starlight brightness the two men in waiting recognized him as an Ethiopian slave, clad in his garments of white.

He was huge in stature, slow in movement, and his face of inky blackness.

In his sash he wore a pistol, and to a chain hung a bared scimitar, while a jeweled crescent glittered in his turban.

"That fellow is evidently a head servant—some trusted villain of Al Sirat; but if he were the pasha himself we must take him; come," and, as Captain Delos thus whispered, he left the arbor and crept noiselessly on after the slave, who directed his steps to the water's edge, where against the stone stairway were moored half a dozen *caiques* of various sizes.

As if expecting some one at the landing, who had not come, and stood silently gazing out over the starlit waters at the brilliant lights of Istanbul in the distance.

Wrapped in deep reverie he failed to

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"You had better know it, and well, in the future. I warn you now that the next time you attempt it you will be sent about your business."

"I'm about my bizness now," said Will, as he lent a hand to the next case.

"You have entirely too much impudence, boy. I will not have these pert answers."

"Dummo how you're goin' to help it. My tongue's just as hard to manage as my legs."

"You have got to manage it, then," cried Mr. Wilson, in sudden anger. "If not here, then somewhere else. Your insolence is getting unbearable."

"You didn't hire me, and I ain't taking no discharge from you."

"I'll see if you won't," cried Wilson.

"Now you get back to your end of the ship, and don't be annoying a gentleman at his work," said Will, impatiently. "You're worse than a bad dog. You'd best stick if you know when your mother's pet is well off."

"Why you insolent scallywag young beggar!"

Mr. Wilson could hardly speak for rage. "That comes from taking vagrants off the street. You shall get out of this store, or I will."

He made as if he would take Will by the shoulders and put him out bodily, then and there.

"You can get, soon as you want," said Will, standing erect, and coolly eying him. "Dunno that you're much use here, long side of me. Willful Will ain't to be spared."

"I'll see about that," cried Wilson, doubly enraged, as some of the men laughed. "This is the second specimen of your insolence and it shall be the last. If there's more of it I shall put you out myself."

"Don't try it on," said Will, lifting his straight, athletic figure. "If you lay a finger on me I'll dockle you up like a knuck-knife. I could carry down a dozen men like you."

"Now get, and blow to Mr. Leonard, and I don't care three darm what you tell him. Look out, though, that I don't get a ring in your nose before you're a week older, if you try it on."

Wilson seemed incapable of further speech. He went hastily back.

"You're a fool, Will. You've got your walking papers," said one of the men.

"Bet a dollar I ain't," said Will, easily. "I ain't taking no discharge now."

"But you forget that Wilson has principal authority in the store, and great influence with Mr. Leonard."

"I don't keep the wink of a cat's eye for Gus Wilson. He's had more say here than he's goin' to have. Think I'll take his place before long, if Mr. Leonard will give me salary enough. Let him hoe his prettiest row, and see if I don't come out ahead."

"That's a talk, Will. I am afraid you have done for yourself."

"Them that lives longest will see the most," was Will's answer.

Ten minutes after Will received a peremptory summons to the office.

He walked back with his most independent air, entered the office, and coolly helped himself to a chair opposite Mr. Leonard, who was seated alone.

"I did not ask you to seat yourself," said the latter, in a displeased tone.

"I was afraid you wouldn't. That's why I helped myself," said Will, nonchalantly. "We're goin' to have consid'able talk, and I'm too tired to stand."

"I don't think we will have much talk," said the merchant, sharply. "A few words will conclude my business with you."

"You are too much inclined to answer back," said Mr. Leonard, severely. "That is your main fault. I am satisfied with you otherwise, but cannot permit insolence in my establishment. You have talked in a shamefully insolent manner to Mr. Wilson. Now that is nearly the same as if you had used such language to me. I am sorry for the necessity, Will, but will have to discharge you. I had hoped better things of you."

"It isn't the same," said Will, quickly. "You wouldn't talk to me as he does, and there's where the difference comes in. It's a feller comes at me like a slave-driver it's all very pretty."

"Men don't measure their language in speaking to boys. You must expect to put up with harsh speech."

"Boys have got souls," said Will, indignantly. "Tain't what I've been used to, to be talked to like a dog."

"I am sorry, Will, that there is such a break between you and Mr. Wilson. I will have to support him. You must go."

"What for Gus Wilson? Not if I know myself. I wouldn't stayed here a week. Mr. Leonard, if you hadn't been a straight man. You suit me pretty well, and I ain't taking no discharge."

"This is nonsense, boy," said the merchant, severely. "You will have to go."

"I'll bet my next year's salary that Gus Wilson goes first," said Will, setting his hat rakishly on his head.

"Come, there is enough of this," said Mr. Leonard, rising. "I will pay you what is due you, and hope this experience may be a lesson to you in the next place you may get."

"Set down, Mr. Leonard," said Will, easily. "Maybe you're done; but I ain't quite through yet."

The merchant stood looking down at the independent boy with an air of surprise. He had not met such a character before.

"What have you got to say?" he asked.

"Well, the first thing is, that I ain't only goin' to spend my days here, but calculate to spend my nights here, too."

"I mean that you have got in a lot of fine goods, and that the thieves are goin' for them to-morrow night."

"Mr. Fitter, the detective don't think so."

"He's blown. He's good for straight work, but not for a crooked job like this. I'm goin' to be detective, and to spend to-morrow night in your cellar. There's rats there that want to be snatched. Set down," he continued, as the merchant looked incredulous. "It won't be my first night there. I've got something to tell you."

Mr. Leonard's incredulity changed to intense interest as Will proceeded to describe his former night in the cellar, and what he had seen there.

"Can it be possible?" he cried. "Why did you not tell me this before?"

"I was waiting for it to get ripe," said Will, quietly. "Set still; I ain't done yet."

He proceeded with a description of his last evening's adventure, and of his recognition of the parties concerned, though declining just then to tell who they were.

"But this is most important," said the merchant, breathlessly. "I must send for Mr. Fitter at once."

"If you do I wash my hands clean of it," said Will. "I ain't taking no pards in bizness."

"But we need his advice."

"We don't want none of it. I tell you what we do want."

"Well?"

"We want still tongues. If this thing is talkeded of our dog's dead. I'll tell you this much, there's a traitor in the store. If there's a whisper gets out all our fun goes for nothing. I want to find how them things are got out of the cellar."

"You are right, Will. I shall not speak of it."

"Nor don't look it, nor wink it, nor let it out in anyway. There will be somebody doubtful of our long talk here. Tell Gus Wilson, and the rest of them that I begged off, and made you promise me another week's trial."

"Very well. I will do so. No one shall learn anything from me."

"Not Wilson, nor Fitter, nor none of them. They can't be done if it gets in the wind."

"Not so soon. You have been here no time. I will smile like a summer day if you will only remain."

"Easy enough. You send me away just before six. Trust me to snake my way back."

"I think you can do it, Will. You had best go into the store now."

Will went quietly out, leaving the merchant plunged in deep thought.

CHAPTER XIX. A PRISON CELL.

JOHN ELKTON had been a week in prison. His arrest had excited much indignation among his friends, who had a high opinion of his character. His silence, however, in regard to the damaging charge against him excited distrust in some, even of his friends. His employer was one of these. He offered to see that John was released on bail, if he would only explain to him this mystery. But John would not explain, and did not want bail.

He was moody and unhappy in his contracted prison cell, and grew cross and nervous as the long days wore on. The monotony was broken by frequent visits from his friends, some of whom were very attentive to him. But with all this the hours dragged, and the place grew bitterly tiresome.

One thing wore on him more than aught else. He had seen and heard nothing of Jennie Arlington. How was his disgrace going to affect her? He did not believe that she could turn from him for an unproved crime, but she was under the direct influence of his enemies, and what stories might not be told, and what arguments brought to bear on her?

He was fully aware of the natural conclusion from his persistent silence, and could not blame people for distrusting his innocence. But he had fondly hoped that she had more confidence in him, and would not turn away from him so lightly.

But as the days wore on and she came not he began to fear that she was lost to him, and to grow miserably unhappy in consequence.

Another thing seemed to annoy him. Some of his friends kept aloof from him, one in particular of whom he had had a very exalted opinion, and whose silence caused him much distress. He finally sent a message to this man, Jesse Powers by name, with an urgent request to have him come to the prison and see him.

It failed in its effect. His friend was out of town and did not get his epistle.

It was nearly the end of the first week of prison life when the door of his cell was one morning unlocked, and a new visitor admitted. He had been given a privilege which few of the prisoners enjoyed, of having both doors opened, and visitors admitted within the grating.

He sat disconsolate and moody, fretting in spirit at the defection of his brother, when he lifted his eyes and saw her standing before him, her eyes full of love and sympathy.

"John!" was her piteous exclamation. He sprang to his feet with new life, clasped her in his arms, and rained kisses on her disengaged face.

"This is very good in you, Jennie," he said. "I have just been thinking of you, and wishing for you; but not hoping."

"You did not think I had forgotten you?" she said, reproachfully.

"No, no, Jennie; I had faith in your love. But how I did want you!"

He kissed her again, clasping her still closer.

"And what a place this is," she said, looking round the cell. "I would have been here before, John, but I was hindered. I thought, indeed, the first few days, that you would not stay here."

"How could I help myself, Jennie? No bird would stay in its cage if the door was open."

"You could open the door with a word. You know how she is; she said looking tenderly but evenly into his face. You are innocent. Why will you not clear yourself?"

"It looks as if I were guilty," he replied, leading her to the only chair the cell afforded. "The law and the public seem to think so."

"It is your own fault, John. You are incomprehensible. Why are you so silent? I cannot guess a reason. You must clear yourself."

"And convict others?"

"If they are guilty, yes."

"There are things that cannot be told, Jennie, and reasons why I should not convict even the guilty. I hope you will not press this matter further. I have not taken my course without excellent reasons. If you knew all, you would counsel me to do as I have done. Let that suffice. It pains me to have to refuse you."

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"Easy enough. You send me away just before six. Trust me to snake my way back."

"I think you can do it, Will. You had best go into the store now."

"Yes. I am staying in the city now. I will not leave you alone."

A few more parting words, and she left the cell.

The turnkey, a young, pleasant-looking man, attended her toward the great door of the prison.

"It is a horrible place this," she said, shuddering.

"I do not find it so, Miss," he replied.

"For Mr. Elkton, he is very comfortable. You should see some of the other cells."

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THE STAR WEEKLY.

Sunshine Papers.

Mud-Assorted Kinds.

THERE was that of which you made mud. Do you remember it? It seemed such clean mud to you, in those childish days—whether you brought it from the sandy shore that skirted the bay, or dug it up among the poppies and sweet-williams that bordered grandpa's garden—that I am not sure you would have expressed any great indignation had it been suggested to you then and there to partake of your appointed proverbial peck of dirt. And without doubt no inconsiderable portion of Mother Earth was wont to find its way from chubby hands, and moist, soiled faces, the way that more real pastry would have hurriedly gone. Ah, those were happy, happy days! before our girl and boy hands had learned the need of more real labor, or our young hearts had come to know aught more of mud, physical, social, or philosophical, than that it was jolly nice to play in, even though it cost us an occasional frown, when we allowed too much of it to cling, tellingly, to pants and pinnafores. Even that mud, itself, was nice; and, as we remember it, wholly unlike any mud of to-day, or that we shall ever see again.

Then there were the mud-puddles of our youth, so different from the puddles now we do our best to avoid that we never could pass them in a proper manner, but must needs go splashing or wading through them to the detriment of our wardrobes, the imperiling of our health, and the torturing of our mothers' hearts and tempers, when we appeared at home damp and disreputable.

And then there was salt-mash mud, black, slimy ooze, with suggestions of old wrecks and rotten, half-buried hulls in its pungent odor. Perhaps some of you remember that. The person does, as I have often heard him tell. The marshes were forbidden places; but he, with other boys, would steal thither, when the tide was on the ebb, and float on bits of board or spars upon the dark pools, left by the outgoing waters, among the clumps of coarse salt grass; playing they were come from France with nuts and nectarines to sell. Then one boy, in wicked mischief, would suddenly cry, "The smugglers are coming! Run! run!" the smugglers! and off the truants would start, urged on guilty consciences, across the slippery, black wastes, sliding and tumbling sadly about, in their wild endeavors to outstrip each other in reaching a goal of safety within the town. Then would the embryo person and his mates assiduously set themselves to the task of cleaning off the salt mud and rendering themselves presentable, before appearing within the scrutiny of the progenitors they had dared to disobey.

"George, thee has been playing on the marshes," my grandmother would say, severely and sadly, when the person slunk into the house.

"Oh! no! mother?" that wicked young person would hurriedly deny.

"Ay, but I smell the mud upon thy clothes."

Which the offender could not explain away; and then would follow chastenings and counsels, and after all, George grew up to be a person. From which example let parents, whose boys will betray a propensity for indulging in mud and fibs, take hope for their offspring's future.

And there is the country mud, by its very color proclaiming the locality to which it is indigenous. The mud that clogs the wheels, and baffles the horses, and delays all our journeys, when at its worst; and its worst is when the sun grows tired of cold flirtation with Winter and, casting that haughty mistress off, commences an ardent wooing of gentle Spring. The spring-time mud, when "the frost is coming out of the ground," is a fearful and wonderful plague to residents of the country. If you stir without the house the walks are small rivers, the grassy banks are morasses, the roads sloughs of despond, and universal are the expressions of impatience, annoyance and disgust by the travelers, and the would-be travelers, housewives, and faithful parents, whose

desires for their children's physical and educational well-being are kept in a harassing state of conflict by the immeasurable depths of mud which lie between home and the school-house. But, after all, country mud is scarcely to be thought of unluckily, when one has once had experience amid the spring and winter states of streets in town. Oh! the blackness of the despair and the mud that assails the pedestrian there! the awful slipperiness of the streets! the horrible treachery of the curbs and gutters! the ruination that comes to skirts and trousers! the dreadful showers of ink drops scattered playfully about by each passing bus and truck! the fiendish carelessness with which the "telegraph boys," rushing by, splash your newly-blacked boots, and some expressman whips his horses through a sea of filth, just as you balance yourself upon a street corner preparatory to a plunge across the street, and sends the dark spray generously upon your broadcloth and linen, your beaver, your light gloves, and into your very mouth and eyes!

"There's mud and mud,
But there's nothing half so black in mud
As New York mud."

I thought I, when one day cautiously picking my way through this "blackness of darkness"—with one exception.

And that is—social mud! The vileness with which every aspirant after social, professional, or political preferment seeks to spatter his rival; the immeasurable intimations of lack of taste, of knowledge, of capital, of honesty—upon which members of like trades and classes seek to trip up their fellows; the "faint praise" with which sweet woman kind seeks to damn her social contestants; the slough of gossip through which the fair name of every good, or great, or successful, or independent man or woman is dragged!

From the stains of that mud, which in the blackness of its cruelty "out-Herods Herod," I pray my readers to shield their own brother and sister in the wide bogs of humanity, as tenderly as they themselves would fain be shielded. A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

WHAT NEXT?

The world lives on sensations; they are its daily food; it must have them; it would starve to death were it to be deprived of them. If the sensation does not grace (?) the paper, the said paper is called "dull." The world, for a week, goes on calmly and smoothly, and then an incident electrifies the country, and people open their eyes in wonder and astonishment not unmixed with horror and bewilderment. As we close the reading of the account we mentally say, what next?

What will the next news be? Shall we have the report of some theater or church burned and hundreds buried beneath the ruins, and of the agonizing tears shed for the loss of the dear, loved and loving ones? Will it be wicked for us, in a case like this, to "thank God that we are not as other men are," as we notice how insecurely the buildings were built, and how poor the contrivances for egress were, and feel thankful we had no hand in erecting buildings so unsafe, and that we have not some persons' consciences to carry about with us?

Shall we be shocked at the recital of some cold-blooded, inhuman murder, the taking off of some one's life for greed of gold or for revenge? In olden times murders were more uncommon than now. If some one's life was wrested from him by the assassin's hand, people would be almost afraid to venture forth after nightfall lest the murderer's blow should overtake them. As tales of murder were read aloud before the evening fire the hearers would draw closer to the chimney corner and peep fearfully into dark nooks, and all would wonder that such things could be. How different nowadays, when one can almost hear the remark, "Only a murder! murders are so common! What next?"

It may be the falling of a bridge—a railway wreck—the explosion of a mine—a fearful earthquake—a direful famine—a family frozen to death; and, before we have time to take to our hearts the lessons such things teach, we throw the paper hastily aside and greedily exclaim: What next?

Some one honored and respected may have betrayed his trust and absconded to other lands, leaving the widow and the fatherless to suffer from deprivation of money they had intrusted to his care. We style him heartless, utter a "God pity them" for the sufferers, and then cry out, "What next?"

This love for sensation is too morbid; this love of the horrible is unhealthy; these details of crime and misery do not make us one whit better; this using paragraph after paragraph in detailing what was supposed to be the agonizing death of a loved one does not mitigate the sorrow. Don't open the wounds; soothe and heal them; have some compassion for those who mourn their dead. Heaven knows, some have need of it!

If one must have a sensation, let it be the sensation of doing good—something that will make us purer, wiser and better. There must be charitable work enough for willing hands to accomplish if we would seek it out. If you haven't much to give, give what you can. It is not money that is wanted always; words of cheer can be beneficial sometimes. It is not always food that people want to keep them from starvation; many starve for the lack of sympathy and encouragement; but many had rather give the money, for the spirit of kindness is not in the nature of some beings.

But, don't get discouraged if no thanks fall to your lot. No good deed done on this earth goes unrecorded in heaven; nor will it go unrewarded. And if there were no active reward we should have the approval of a good and clear conscience.

And after we have done all we can for the way of comforting, cheering and encouraging one wayfarer, don't let the good work stop there, but seek out others; you'll find plenty who will hail your coming, and welcome your approach as we hail and welcome the coming and approach of spring.

As long as we have life let us do the good work our Father has set for us, and be glad to have it to do. And when we do not find all the work we want, let us ask Him in a patient spirit. EYE LAWLESS.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate; those intervals of unblended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions and throws aside the ornaments and disguises which he feels in privacy to be useless incumbrances, and lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and to which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or of his felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show.

Footscap Papers.

Styles for Spring, 1877.

Contrary to all expectation, and against all well-developed almanacs, there is a slight change in the styles this spring; hardly enough to speak of, unless you should, in the course of human events, be the husband of a wife, or the father of five or six marriageable daughters who show no danger of getting married for some years to come; then, of course, it is a matter of small change.

Costumes are worn tighter this spring than ever, so that when you contract the expence you also contract the expense, and if your husband gets tight in his efforts to keep up with the styles, you can well imagine that it is altogether owing to the general tightness of the times.

Material for dresses will be of the style that best suits the taste. The matter of cost is something to be considered, but the more it costs the better, as you well know.

The greatest spring style will be for your husband to spring to foot the bill. He will be expected to do this in one jump.

The style of bonnets will be noted for its lightness, and therefore will enable a woman to hold her head higher than her neighbor's wife without much trouble; and heads will be worn higher this spring than ever before. The hat or bonnet will be decked entirely with the costliest ostrich feathers, and a few expensive artificial flowers planted here and there over it will be the prevailing style.

Cheeks will be painted by the hand of Nature, if you can't procure a hand of Nature a little rouge will be allowed.

Sixteen-button kids will be the style, but they should not reach much above the elbows; and to be worn well they should be well-worn. A few fingers sticking through would show that there was no false hand there.

The fashion of wearing a frown when you meet anybody dressed a little better than you will not go out of style, any more than hanging over the fence and talking to your left hand neighbor's wife about your right hand neighbor's wife will.

Your cuffs will be worn by your husbands on the side of the head.

Lace collars will rhyme with dollars, and the larger the rhyme the better.

Costumes made by Worth in Paris will be considered worth the most.

Bows will be in style, with as many strings to them as you can get.

When a young lady is asked for her hand it will be fashionable for her to give her right, at the lowest calculation, 175,000, and there are some who are good authority on this subject who place it at higher figures. We can count 125,000 head of cattle which will be positively driven, and it is safe to say that small drivers will certainly increase these figures by 50,000.

The practical science of the weather is winning popular favor. The British commission that was appointed to consider this subject has recommended that the parliamentary grant for the weather service be increased by about one-half, making the total nearly \$75,000 per year. It is thought best that the ocean meteorology be transferred to the care of the admiralty. In Italy the organized system of weather forecasting probably will be much extended. At present it embraces 100 stations, and furnishes a daily report.

A woman will recognize her husband on the street without ostentation, and if she walks with him she will have no need to let on that she is married, and to protect him she can walk on the right side. Cabs and carts are in danger on the right side.

No neck will look well unless it has a very costly chain around it; but that shouldn't infer that the other end of the chain should be in the hands of the husband.

Parcels will be just large enough this spring to ward off the envious frowns of other women whom you meet on the sunny side of the street.

Dark eyes will be the prevailing color this spring. Those who do not own such can purchase the same of any eye manufacturer at a reasonable price, and have them inserted over the original gray or blue eyes, as the case might be.

A good deal of native grace will be affected this spring. This can be put on, if the patient practices hard, and abolishes the foreign grace.

Ladies will be allowed to put on as much style as the law allows this spring—and the law, you know, knows no bounds, and is no respecter of persons.

If any woman outdresses her neighbor it will certainly be the fault of her neighbor, and nobody else's, and she will not be held morally responsible.

The law is that no woman shall go better dressed than another, unless the quality of her wardrobe exceeds the other.

Handkerchiefs will be worn at the nose a little more than usual, especially if it is a chilly morning.

Trails will not reach back much longer than an Indian trail at the Black Hills, and they will rest on series of wheels.

Imitation smiles painted on the face, where it is artistically done, will answer just as well as real ones.

A comb in the hair is a fine thing, especially if it gets in it at least once a week.

Blue glass beads around your neck, especially if you have a sore throat, will be all the rage.

One of the neatest things in night-caps this season is a pretty face, but they will not be worn to church to any great extent.

No pretty woman will wear a veil.

Poodle dogs will be worn perched at the back on the top of the bustle and they will be colored to suit the complexion of the dress.

The pocket in the dress will be so low down that you will have to get down on your knees to get your handkerchief out.

Holes in the sleeves will not be worn, that is if the material is any account.

The skirt will have many a pleat to make it complete.

Calico overskirts will be universally worn over your black velvet dress.

Point lace is in the rage, as are also husbands who are just where the point lays.

There is quite a variety of styles in garments, and striped stockings will be all the go.

Women who can't show a good deal of neck, will be considered necks to nothing.

Dresses will not be cut high in the neck, but when a woman can't shoulder her dress she will be very weak.

Morning calls will be very fashionable—your husbands will call you up to get breakfast.

Parasols will be larger, about the size of half a dollar, and fans so small they won't even raise a disturbance in the air.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

WOMAN'S HEART.—There is a period in the early life of every true woman when moral and intellectual growth seems, for a time, to cease. The vacant heart seeks for an occupant. The intellect, having appropriated aliment requisite to the growth of the uncrowned feminine nature, feels the necessity of more intimate companionship with the masculine mind, to start it on its second period of development. Here, at this point, some stand for years, without making a step in advance. Others marry, and astonish, in a few brief years, by their sweet temper, their new beauty, their high accomplishments, and their noble womanhood, those mistaken individuals whose willful blindness and ignorant self-sufficiency led them to suppose woman totally devoid of such desirable traits.

Topics of the Time.

—A pure white muskrat was caught in the north part of Great Barrington, Mass., the other day, something old hunters never saw before in that part of the country.

—It is said the trouble with the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls is a weakening of the moisture in the earth where the cables are fastened. This will be thoroughly repaired by the work now in progress, and the Bridge re-dressed safe.

—Alexander II. does not seem to have done his great work of emancipation as thoroughly as his subjects. In the thirty-seven governments of Russia, he is said to be a good imitation. It has the great advantage over the ordinary earthworm of not being taken off the hook by nib

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

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PERPLEXITY

BY MRS. MARY D. BRINE.

Oh! what can a maiden do,
With lovers around as thick as bees,
Each trying their best myself to please?
Each vowing a love so true!
Oh! what can a maiden do?

Oh! what should a maiden do?
The people will talk and call it a shame,
And add the title of *flirt* to my name;
Oh! dear! I love it for you.
Now what should a maiden do?

Oh! what *ought* a maid to do?
The trouble is that I like them all,
The plain and handsome, the short and tall;
It's funny, I know, but true;
So what ought a maid to do?

Now, what would you really do?
Would you *try* and *get rid* of the rest?
That is, if you liked one best.
Dear friends, I appeal to you,
Isn't that what I *ought* to do?

America's Commodores.

EDWARD PREBLE.

BY CAPT. JAMES MCKENZIE.

As Richard Dale may be said to have been a good type of Virginia, so Preble may be regarded as a representative Maine man. Born and bred on her coast, and familiar, from boyhood, with the sea, like Dale he became a sailor when but a mere youth, and loved the sea and sea life with an enthusiasm that carried him to honor and fame in his country's naval service.

Edward Preble came of good stock—his forefathers moving from Massachusetts to Maine in the year 1645. They were men of credit, and served the colony (for Maine was a colony of Massachusetts) in a time of trust. His father, Jedediah, was captain in the provincials that accompanied Wolfe in his campaign against Quebec, and stood near that hero when he received his mortal wound on the Heights of Abraham. He afterward rose to a brigadier-general's rank. When the War of the Revolution broke out it found old Jedediah a sturdy patriot—too old for the field but influential in council and State.

Edward was born at Falmouth Neck (the third son of a second marriage). He was early in life distinguished for his resolute nature as well as for his hot temper, which, in all his after career, was his one marked defect of character. Many anecdotes of his youth illustrate both characteristics, and show how truly, in his case, the "boy was father to the man."

In 1775 the English commenced punishing the coast towns by burning unprotected sea-coast towns and in ravaging estates. Falmouth was partially destroyed, and the old "brigadier" removed his family for safety to a farm, some distance from the town. But ploughing and driving oxen were not to Edward's taste; so one day in the field he threw down the hoe, rebelled against his stern old father's orders and started for the port, where he enlisted on a letter of marque privateer, bound for Europe. The old general followed; but, finding the boy determined on a sea life, let him go, hoping one cruise would cure the youngster of his "sailor fever."

But, one cruise only confirmed his predilections for the sea; and, seeing the boy's bent, the old general, in the year 1779, procured him a midshipman's warrant, in the provincial marine of Massachusetts—Edward then being nearly eighteen years of age. He was assigned to the *Protector*, of 20 guns, Capt. John Williams, a very plucky and enterprising officer, under whose command young Preble soon saw sharp service, for the *Protector*. In June (1779), engaged an English letter-of-marque, the *Admiral Duff*, of equal strength. After an hour's fight the *Duff* blew up and sank—the *Protector* picking up such of her men as did not go down with their vessel. Soon after an English frigate, the *Thames*, of 32 guns, fell in with the "Yankee," and a cutting running fire ensued. Williams escaped by crippling the enemy's upper-works and rigging, but did not return to port until he had secured several prizes and more prisoners than it was desirable to carry.

Preble enjoyed this cruise immensely, and proved himself a most admirable officer. He sailed with Williams to the Penobscot, in the squadron of the unlucky Commodore Saltonstall, to co-operate in the expedition against that strong English post. While anchored on the coast the day being very calm, an enormous serpent was seen on the water not far from the ships. All on board saw the creature plainly, and the officers all examined it carefully through their glasses. It seemed to be lying perfectly in repose, basking in the sun, only raising its head occasionally high out of water for observation.

Williams determined to "try for the ugly customer" so ordered Preble to man one of the boats and pull for the game. This the young middy proceeded to do with alacrity. In a boat of twelve oars, with a swivel mounted in the bow and every man armed for boarding, he struck out for the monster, who, seeing the danger, began slowly to move away, its head carried about ten feet above the smooth sea, and making a wide wake as it passed. The boat was put under its best speed but the snake only led it. The crew was then brought to bear, and, after careful aim, was discharged loaded with bullets. This sent the serpent off at tremendous speed and it soon passed completely out of sight. The creature was thought by Preble to have been considerably over one hundred feet in length, and its body, as seen, was over three feet in thickness.*

The Penobscot expedition was a disaster that resulted in the capture or destruction by the enemy, of the entire squadron, and Preble, with his commander and companions, was taken to New York and placed on the prison ship Jersey, of such ill fame in history. He was soon paroled, however, but was not exchanged for a long time. He could have escaped, but was too honorable to violate his parole, so remained in the city for nearly two years. Then he was restored to liberty, and proceeding to Boston, went as first lieutenant on the *State* or *Winthrop*, commanded by Captain George Little, who had been first lieutenant on the *Protector*.

In the *Winthrop* he rose to prominence by a single act. A British brig had captured an American sloop off Penobscot, and the *Winthrop* overhauled and retook the prize. From its crew Captain Little learned of the presence of the brig in the bay, and resolved upon her capture. To Preble, with forty men, was given the task of boarding. The *Winthrop*, with a favoring wind, ran in the bay at night and alongside of the brig near enough for the boarders to leap on her deck. Her headway, however, was so great as to carry the Yankee cruiser clear of the brig, leaving Preble and only fourteen of his men on her decks. But this was enough, for before the English crew could be called to quarters they were prisoners. Not a gun was fired to alarm the fort, but the fort soon opened on the daring adventurers, and Preble slipped his cable, hoisted sail, and with great skill worked the prize out of the harbor under sharp fire, which, however, in the darkness, did but little damage.

This admirable exploit was received in naval circles with *éclat*, and made the boy lieutenant a favorite. The *Winthrop* continued to the close of the war in active service off the coast, and became a terror to the English privateers that ran out from Halifax and St. John to infest the waters below.

With peace came a general disbandment of the navy and naval cruisers, and Preble passed to

* This same serpent has been seen on the Maine coast several times, in pretty well-authenticated instances. A very interesting account of one of these appearances, is given in Beadle's Monthly for Nov. 1866.

the merchant service. Though only in his twenty-second year he was a skilled sailor, and had no difficulty in securing a command. For fifteen years he sailed in the merchant service, which, during that time, developed into vast proportions, and American ships sailed to all quarters of the globe.

The troubles with France, that compelled the young Republic to organize a navy, found Preble ready for naval service, and he was given one of the first five commissions of first lieutenants, issued in 1798. He was assigned to the brig *Pickering*, 14 guns. Promoted in 1799 to a captaincy, he sailed the *Essex* of 32 guns—then a fine new ship, and (January, 1800) proceeded to the East Indies to convoy a homeward bound squadron of American merchant ships. This duty was successfully executed and fourteen vessels brought safely from Batavia (Java) to American ports. The *Essex* was the first American man-of-war to carry the pennant around both capes—around Cape of Good Hope under Preble, and Cape Horn under Poyer in 1813.

He returned much affected, ill health, and declined the offer of the Admirelty, then fitting for a cruise in the Mediterranean. Proceeding to Portland, he there "married" (1801), and did not report himself fit for service until 1803, when he was assigned to the Constitution—"Old Ironsides"—then fitting out in Boston under orders for the Mediterranean, where the Barbary pirates were still giving great annoyance to American commerce. Dale had returned from thence, in disgust, at his want of authority to punish the corsairs and carry the war into their own ports; Morris, his successor, had been annoyed and crippled in the same absurd manner by Jefferson's deference to a mere point of law; the country was greatly dissatisfied, and demanded that an American squadron should be sent out under an officer who would bring the *Bonaparte* of Tripoli to a satisfactory peace.

To Preble were assigned the service. His force was constituted as follows: Flagship, *Constitution*, 44; Commodore Preble, *Philadelphia*, 38; Capt. Bainbridge; Argus, 16; Lieut. Stephen Decatur; Siren, 16; Lieut. Stewart; Enterprise, 12; Lieut. Hull; Nautilus, 12; Lieut. Somers; Vixen, 12; Lieut. Smith—all excellent vessels of their class, and officered by men soon to become noted in naval history.

The ships sailed as they were ready—the Constitution leaving Boston Aug. 13th, 1803, bearing the broad pennant, and reaching Gibraltar Sept. 12th. Preble first attended to the Emperor of Morocco, who it was only too evident, was playing into the hands of the other Barbary powers. The emperor was compelled to reassert the treaty of 1786 and to abstain from any act of hostile co-operation with the other powers. Bainbridge having already been sent to Tripoli, Preble gave prompt notification of its blockade. Nov. 12th, and prepared to make his flag-ship to Malta, where he arrived Nov. 27th, to receive the unwelcome news of the loss of the *Philadelphia*, on a reef in the harbor of Tripoli. Oct. 31st, and the captivity of Bainbridge, his officers and crew.

Honoris wore mourning for her uncle; but on these warm mornings her dress was of soft, fleecy white, with only a black ribbon at the throat. She sat there listless and purposeless; with all her luxuriant surroundings the girl was lonely. No father or mother—her dear uncle dead—her cousin away, she knew, not where—there were times when the world seemed desolate to the beautiful heiress.

She would have given much gold for one true friend. An elderly maiden aunt had come into the princely house, to fulfill the proprieities and see that the housekeeper did her duty by the servants. But she was not much of a companion to the spirited young beauty. Hosts of admirers would have been only too glad to console her drooping spirits; but Honoris, though fond of conquest and not entirely above the pleasures of coquetry, was not quick to yield her heart or her friendship to people.

She sat there idly pondering what she should do when the summer came—go to the country, the seaside, or shut herself up in this great house, like Marianne in the *Moated Grange*. There was not so very much enjoyment in going about with only her prime aunt for companion. She was vexing her soul, too, to know what had become of Otis.

Not a word had she heard from him since the week after his uncle's death.

The money burned in her hands—the luxuries she enjoyed seemed to her half-stolen. Ah, why did her uncle make such a cruel will? If she could only find some way to evade its pitiless provisions and share her wealth with poor Otis!

While she sunk deeper and deeper into reverie, the bell rung, and presently Shackles, the old servant of her uncle, and now factotum in the household, knocked at the door, and being bidden to enter, stated that a young person had answered the advertisement. Why, Miss Appleton had forgotten that she had advertised for a maid.

Show her in here, Shackles. But only one at a time, please. If more come while I am engaged with her keep them waiting in the servants' hall."

Presently she entered, Shackles closing the door behind her, a young girl, plainly and neatly dressed, who lifted a pair of violet eyes to the lady's face as surprised her.

For a moment the two women looked at each other with mutual curiosity veiled behind an apparent indifference.

You do not look fit for any, even the lightest service. Do you really apply for the position of dressing-maid? Have you ever been out as a servant?"

"No, madam, never. And for that reason I am afraid you will not try me. But my mother is dead; and I am not strong enough or wise enough for teacher. I saw your advertisement, and it seemed to me just the kind of work I might do, after I had once learned it. I don't deny that I shall be awkward and almost useless at first. But I would ask no wages for the first month; and I would try, oh, so willingly, to please you."

She was something different from the bold Irish or the pert French maid. Honoris's lonely heart went out toward this little creature, so pretty, so delicate, and ladylike, so modest and evidently so very much in earnest—went out toward her almost as it would have done to a forsaken baby. She reflected that it would be careless, almost wicked, to leave unaided this timid girl, whose loneliness might expose so willingly to all sorts of danger.

I would as soon think of setting a humongous bird to work," she thought; "but I shall take her all the same. She can, perhaps, do my hair, or mend a bit of lace now and then, just to deceive her with the idea that she is of some use. What a perfectly lovely little thing she is!"—then aloud—"What is your name?"

"Milla."

"Milla, what?"

"Lovelace, please, madam."

"Not an Irish name, anyway. Well, Milla, I am willing to give you a trial."

"Oh, thank you!" very gladly and gratefully.

"When can you come?"

"This afternoon. May I send my trunks, Miss Appleton?—and—and will I have a room to myself?"

"Exacting already," thought the mistress, severely, but she relented when the stranger said, earnestly:

"It is only because I am not one of them, you see, Miss Appleton."

"No, and that may make trouble. I see that I cannot take you as my maid—it would never do."

"Oh!" sighed the young girl, drooping.

"But I will do better by you, Milla. You shall be my companion—then you can take your meals in the housekeeper's room, and need not come in contact with the servants."

"I must do something to be useful, though; you must let me earn my bread. And I will not take any wages."

"I will see to that. Come as soon as you please."

So the companion came a few hours later, and she and her two trunks were duly installed

ONE SWEET LESSON.

BY STEPHEN MCCORMICK.

"What shall I do with myself to-day? The days are so long and I am tired of play; I should like so much some good to do. Said Nell, as sat on her mother's knee. 'Even the birds have something to do. In building their nests so round and true.'

"See yonder robin on the lilac tree. Building her nest and singing so free; Bringing the leaves and twigs, one by one, Weaving them in till the day is done; While I sit and idle the whole day through With folded hands and nothing to do."

"Oh! I know what I'll do," she cried; "The crippled Lizzie, whose father has died. Her mother is gone, and she is all alone To gain bread for two, from day to day. I have two dolls, Lizzie has none; I'll go to-day and give her one."

'She is always so pale, wan and sad, It will brighten her life and make her glad. And the sea-shell cross pa gave to me, I'll give that, too, to Lizzie Let's And away she ran, with a happy smile, To brighten the life of the crippled child.'

The Girl Rivals;

OR,

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

DANGER FROM AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE.

It was over four months since her uncle's death that Honoria Appleton sat, one fair May morning, with idle, clasped hands and bent face, dreaming in the great library opposite the drawing-room. The sun, streaming in through a lovely window of stained glass, threw strange, jewel-like colors over her white dress and dusky hair.

Honoris wore mourning for her uncle; but on these warm mornings her dress was of soft, fleecy white, with only a black ribbon at the throat. She sat there listless and purposeless; with all her luxuriant surroundings the girl was lonely. No father or mother—her dear uncle dead—her cousin away, she knew, not where—there were times when the world seemed desolate to the beautiful heiress.

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tea-cups. Miss Appleton; can you give me their history?" And—having changed the subject after convincing himself that his companion had no idea, thus far, of who this girl was—he proceeded to do his best to please, and entertain, and fascinate the smiling young beauty, the superb mistress of all this wealth whose evidences lay all about him in the costly appointments of the lofty room and the exquisite table.

But his thoughts were often distract. He could not forget that the girl whom he had done his worst to injure, and who had fled from his persecutions, was an inmate of this house, and might very justly resolve to betray him, when she found he was a friend of Miss Appleton. Perhaps this very night she would tell her story to her kind mistress. He saw no way to prevent it. He beat his brains in a vain attempt to invent some way of communicating with Mildred, but could think of none that would be safe. He knew very well that she would keep out of his sight. He dare not attempt to bribe a servant to take her a note—he was too experienced in guile to compromise himself in any such way as that. So that what should have been a most delightful evening was spoiled utterly for him. He took an early leave, immediately after which Honoria flew up stairs to her own room where Mildred sat doing a piece of embroidery, to confide to her companion that she had often heard her cousin Otis praise Mr. Pomeroy, and that he was a most delightful fellow, "and, oh, would you believe it, Milla, he actually almost made love to me!"

Milla looked gravely into the beautiful, flushed face.

"I hope he never will come any nearer to it," she said.

"Why? What is the matter with you?" asked her young mistress, all the haughtiness of the Garner blood flashing into her face.

"I am sorry. It is not my place to receive impressions or to seek to benefit you by them, if I do. I spoke too hastily."

"No, you did not!" cried Honoria, her sudden temper subsiding. "If you had an impression of this flattering gallant, let me hear it, please, little one. I am not so pleased with him as you think, though it is fun to listen to the nice things he has to say—but I know cousin Otis admired him."

"I should say—if you will make me, Miss Appleton—that the gentleman who rode with us this afternoon is not a person of any principle. I should suspect, if he made love to you, that he was a fortune-hunter. And I should be afraid, if you married him, that he would make you unhappy."

"Oh, mercy, child! How serious you are! You really make my blood run cold! But never mind, do not fret about me. I am in no danger of this terrible fate. My heart is already given away, Milla, would you believe it? Given away, and broken, too! Think of that! Something if you and I get to be fast friends, I will tell you all about it—for it's hard to have no one to talk to—it's for the heart aches so, Milla. I could never tell any one but you. You are so sweet and so beguiling, it will come out, to you, some day."

She spoke quickly and gayly, yet the tears sprung to her eyes. Mildred saw them and her own heart began to beat wildly. Oh, what was this that this beautiful girl was going to tell her? That she, too, loved Otis Garner—and that he loved her? Could she bear to have this said to her—his wife—who worshiped "the least sound of his foot on the stairway"—the least word he had ever spoken to her, the least gift he had ever given her? Could she bear to live and feel that she was the obstacle between these two cousins who were so worthy of each other? Oh, how mean, and poor, and humble she felt beside this dark, proud girl, who showered gold about her as the rose showers dew!

"But I cannot give him up to her; I am his wife; I cannot give him up while I live," moaned poor Mildred, silently. "There is but one thing I can do, that is, to die. Yes, I may be a suicide, yet; I, whom my mother tried to make a Christian girl." Rising, she said "good-night" to her mistress, and retreated to her own little room.

Meantime, Brummell Pomeroy, restless and guilty, hung about the mansion he had so lately quitted. He felt as if he could not go without an interview with Mildred, or contriving to send her a message. Taking his pencil and note-book he paused by a street-lamp and wrote a note, which he tore out of his book, and then resumed his promenade up and down the street.

The Garner mansion stood apart from its aristocratic fellows, in a haughty seclusion of its own, in the center of quite a plot of ground, so that there were windows on every side looking down on the north on a sheet of emerald velvet grass, and on the south on long, narrow beds of flowers. Brummell observed lights in two of the rooms on the second floor, on the south side of the house. While he passed and repassed, some one came to the window of the rear room; a shadow fell for a moment—he recognized it!

"That is Mildred's bed-room," he said to himself.

Again and again he walked up and down; after a while the lights were out over all the house, except the one which always burned in the hall. He heard Shuckles locking up, and going about to see that all the lower windows were fastened. The window to Mildred's room above remained open, for it was a warm night. The thoughtless girl had left the shutters open, also. Brummell watched until the policeman was at the furthest end of his beat, slipped into the yard, and along by the beds of flowers which were perfuming the night air, and threw into the window the note he had written, and which he had wrapped about some pebbles which he took from the flower-beds. He made sure that it had fallen inside, then slipped out, and away, to his hotel, before the watchman had completed his round.

Mildred was sitting in the dark by the window, still far too agitated to think of sleeping. The note fell directly into her lap. She gave a little smothered cry. Recovering herself she picked up the intruding object. There was light enough for her to see that it was a half sheet of note paper wrapped about something—and her first thought as ever was—Otis.

Perhaps Otis had seen her in this house and took this way of communicating with her. She never thought of the man who had sat opposite her in the carriage that afternoon. Drawing down the curtain she re-lighted the gas, and with trembling fingers and hurried pulses, smoothed out the crushed paper. This is what it contained:

Your husband lives in Cambridge. He is preparing several boys for college, and is very tired. It was to him that I went out this morning. He inquired after you. Of course I could tell him nothing, as I then knew nothing. If you wish to see him, enough to risk a trip with me to C. town, and then to the block in the afternoon at five o'clock, where I will meet you with a carriage, and take you to see him. You need not be afraid of me, as I have now a more serious suit to which I am devoting all my attention."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 367.)

THE REASON WHY.

BY MARO O. ROLFE.

If all of this life was childhood, And of this life was sin, It's likely that some innocent so much good would enter in That it wouldn't be any object To take any special pains To try to get into heaven; For where would be the gains?

And it's for the wisest purpose That we have lived this plan So a baby will grow to a boy; And a boy'll grow to a man;

And the man'll be sometimes thinking Of the goodness of your, sir, And will always have a longing To return to childhood truth.

Silver Sam;

OR,
The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LETTER.

FROM the hole in the tree-trunk Hallowell drew a letter, and he looked with considerable astonishment upon the prize he had secured.

It was a plain yellow envelope, directed in a round, easily-deciphered hand, to

"JABEZ Z. SMITH,
Deadwood City."

A one-cent stamp was affixed to the envelope in one corner, thus plainly showing that it had been posted in Deadwood.

The stamp had not been canceled.

"Why? What is the matter with you?" asked her young mistress, all the haughtiness of the Garner blood flashing into her face.

"I am sorry. It is not my place to receive impressions or to seek to benefit you by them, if I do. I spoke too hastily."

"No, you did not!" cried Honoria, her sudden temper subsiding. "If you had an impression of this flattering gallant, let me hear it, please, little one. I am not so pleased with him as you think, though it is fun to listen to the nice things he has to say—but I know cousin Otis admired him."

"I should say—if you will make me, Miss Appleton—that the gentleman who rode with us this afternoon is not a person of any principle. I should suspect, if he made love to you, that he was a fortune-hunter. And I should be afraid, if you married him, that he would make you unhappy."

"Oh, mercy, child! How serious you are! You really make my blood run cold! But never mind, do not fret about me. I am in no danger of this terrible fate. My heart is already given away, Milla, would you believe it? Given away, and broken, too! Think of that! Something if you and I get to be fast friends, I will tell you all about it—for it's hard to have no one to talk to—it's for the heart aches so, Milla. I could never tell any one but you. You are so sweet and so beguiling, it will come out, to you, some day."

She spoke quickly and gayly, yet the tears sprung to her eyes. Mildred saw them and her own heart began to beat wildly.

"You would?" asked Hallowell, doubtfully.

"Yes; it isn't for you, anyway, and Mr. J. Smith might be indignant if he found out that you had been opening his letters."

"Well, who in thunder is J. Z. Smith, anyway? and what right has he got to take one of our oak-trees for his post-office box?"

"You're too much for me, partner, I give it up."

"Jabez Smith—Jabez Z. Smith! I don't know any Jabez Smith in Deadwood, though Smiths are so plenty in the town of a night that if a feller were to sling a cane in any direction from the door of the Big Horn saloon, 'bout eight o'clock, he'd be apt to hit three Smiths, at least."

"Yes, but there may be a Jabez Smith in town, even if you have never heard of him," Montana suggested.

"Oh, this is a trick of some kind!" Hallowell exclaimed. "Who ever heard of a man with a Z in the middle of his name?"

"Zebulon—Zachariah?"

"Oh, it's some sort of a gum-game now, and I'm just going to open the letter!"

"You had better be careful; they'll have you up for tampering with the mail."

"Git out! I guess a hole in a tree ain't a United States post-office, is it?" the big miner retorted.

"No, not exactly, but, if I were you, I'd put the letter back and let it alone."

"You would?" asked Hallowell, doubtfully.

"Yes; it isn't for you, anyway, and Mr. J. Smith might be indignant if he found out that you had been opening his letters."

"You're too much for me again."

"I tell you, Montana, there's something wrong about this here hull biling!" Hallowell protested, earnestly. "In the first place, why did that post-office greeny come sneaking round here, like a cat in a strange garret? If this is all fair and above board why don't this here Smith go to the post-office for his letters, instead of having 'em stuck in a tree?"

"Perhaps Mr. Smith is a lady carrying on a love affair with Tim, and wants to keep the matter quiet," Montana suggested. "It would be just like a girl, you know; romantic to have a post-office in a tree-trunk."

"Oh, humbug! What gal in creation would look at such an ugly leetle cuse as that Tim?"

"I tell you, Montana, there's something wrong about this here hull biling!" Hallowell protested, earnestly. "In the first place, why did that post-office greeny come sneaking round here, like a cat in a strange garret? If this is all fair and above board why don't this here Smith go to the post-office for his letters, instead of having 'em stuck in a tree?"

"It's your funeral, old man; go ahead if you want to," Montana replied, in his carelessness.

"Too late! I've bu'sted the consarn!" the big miner replied, holding up the fractured envelope. "I tell yer' that's no squar' thing about this now, anyway you kin fix it! That's some gum-game 'bout it, and I'm going to git to the bottom of the hull matter. This here letter ought to be in the post-office by rights; you see the stamp ain't defaced; that leetle cuse has stole it out and that's something wrong 'bout it!"

"Well, it's your funeral, old man; go ahead if you want to," Montana replied, in his carelessness.

The envelope contained only a single sheet of note-paper, which Hallowell, unfolding, perused.

It was written in the same hand as the direction upon the envelope, a peculiar handwriting, once seen not easily to be forgotten.

The letter began abruptly without the usual prefixes, and read as follows:

"No danger, I think; the road agent business is a mystery at first sight, apparently, but capable of being explained satisfactorily, I think. I heard the Irishman's story; also the account of Lieutenant Perkins, who is in command of the troops that passed through here, and who got away with his head. What the fellow he would sweep that off with, I can't believe he was after us. In regard to the two letters being taken, it's ten to one that Paddy lost them; and, of course he would sweep that off with, I can't believe he was after us. We are only we must be careful in our operations, and the moment the thing begins to get out, why, we must drop it like a red-hot potato. As for the road-agent, he'll come to greet pretty soon, sure, if he keeps on. Keep your eyes open, though, and keep me at once if anything happens."

And there the letter abruptly ended. Hallowell read it over to himself first, and then to Montana.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Hallowell, in utter amazement.

"What's the matter?"

" Didn't I tell you that there was something crooked 'bout this letter?"

"Yes; but what does it all mean?"

"Well, now you have got me, for sure!" and the big miner gave a dubious shake of the head.

"Darn me! if I can make head nor tail of it,"

"cept that this here road-agent—he's the feller that tackled the stage in Bloody Gulch the other night, you remember?"

Montana nodded.

"Well, they are afraid that the road-agent

was arter them somehow or somehow, 'tain't exactly clear to me."

"Nor to me, either; but now, Lige, you'll

have to answer to Mr. J. Z. Smith for opening his letter. I told you that you had better let it alone. Jabez may go for you."

"Oh, ax go to thunder!" growled Hallowell, defiantly. "I guess I ain't hurt his old letter much; but, I swow! I kinder got the

idea into my head someway that it was some gum-game ag'in us."

"What are you going to do with the letter?"

"Put it back ag'in in the tree."

"You can write on it, 'Opened by mistake, E. Hallowell, Little Montana mine,' Montana suggested.

"Oh, yes, and have Mister Jabez Smith lie

in wait for me with a revolver some dark night,

for fear that I would find out something about him. No, sir; it ain't my soup! But, I wonder who in thunder Jabez Smith is, and why he selected an oak on our claim for his post-office?"

Montana shook his head; it was evident that he was unable to solve the riddle.

Hallowell put the letter back in the envelope, smoothed it out as well as he could and replaced it in the tree.

"There," he said, the operation finished,

"there, Mister J. Z. W. X. Y. Z. Smith—

there's your letter, and if you want to know

who opened it all I've got to say is that these durned United States mails are allers doing

something they hadn't oughter!"

Montana smiled and the two partners walked slowly away from the tree toward their shanty, which, when they reached, they entered.

"By the way!" exclaimed the big miner,

suddenly, after he and his companion had got

comfortably seated; "I want you to do some

thing for me, Montana.

"Yes, what is it?"

"I want you to give me your signature and

a line of poetry to it, so, that one of these days,

arter I've made my 'tarnal fortune, and gone

East to make my old neighbors swell and bu'st

with wonder and envy, I kin look at it and re-

member the old days way out in the Western

wilderness where the b'ar growls and the eagle

screams!"

"All right; any particular line of poetry

which you prefer?" Montana asked.

Hallowell produced his memorandum-book

and Montana took his pen in hand.

"Well, let me see, 'Root hog or die,' no,

IN THE SHADOW.

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

I sit in the somber shadows
Of the dimly-lighted room;
Without the rain is falling,
And the night is full of gloom;
I've sought it out to go,
The fiercely-throbbing pain
That beats like the fall of rain-drops
Within my tired brain.

The firelight wanes, and the shadows
Grow ghostly and weird within,
And my tired heart is heavy
With the burden of grief and sin.
Oh, love! From the past's deep blackness
No man can bring me back;
And I yearn in vain for tender words
From lips that are cold and dumb.

Oh! would that the words of coldness
That severed love's mystic chain
Had been unsaid, that my heart might know
No more of grief and pain!
For, oh! the bitter memories
That come with the shadows cold,
And my heart's deep, hidden chambers
In their somber shades infold!

I've gathered every token
Of the radiant days ago;
But the tokens of faded roses
Bring but a throb of pain;
And the white-winged words of tenderness
That came in the olden time
Bring never a peace or quiet,
But ring with a maddening chime.

So I turn in bitter anguish
From the sweet familiar name,
While the scalding tears are dropping
Like a fast rain of rain.
Without the storm batters fierce;
The shadows denser grow;
And the dismal wind is sweeping
Like the whispers of woe!

And still in the fitful light
I gaze with tearful eyes,
While the sound of rain-drops falling
From the night's dull, leaden skies
Seems but the mournful echo
Of a voice that is lost for aye.
With the gilded dreams that brightened
Life's sad and dreary way.

And I know that never a morrow
Of peace and hope will dawn
To a heart so full of wretchedness
And so utterly forlorn;
For from the past's dim portals
Grim, haughty phantoms rise,
And my soul within the shadow
Of unbroken darkness lies.

The Red Cross;

OR,

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCUSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

TOO SHARP BY HALF.

MR. MARCUS GAYLURE, sick at heart at the tottering of all his well-laid schemes, had hurried to New York after his escaped ward in the next train, but was so unfortunate as to miss her, and, in spite of his most earnest endeavors, to be unable to find her again, so that at the end of a couple of days which were filled with anxiety, owing to the capacity of the detectives he employed and irritating (owing to their fruitlessness) he returned to the bosom of his family in no frame of mind to hear the astounding news that Adalgisa had eloped with Griffith Thetford.

Mrs. Gaylure, a *cis-deral* beauty and a shrewd manager, looked considerably mystified when, having trickled out her news with no very anguished mien, (for, after all, wasn't Thetford Baron of Warren-Guilderland?) her lord first stared as if he were struck stupid, then whitened dreadfully and flew into a frenzy, whether of rage, fear, remorse or madness it was difficult to guess, but such as Laura Gaylure had never before witnessed in him, (or for that matter in anybody else) during the forty-seven years of her chequered existence.

"Good heavens, Mark! what alls you?" she faltered, in dismay, feeling an injured inclination to shrink behind the minute but plucky Crystal, who was present in the capacity of shocked and sorrowing Virtue: "one would think the boy was a leper, or—or—" and she turned pale, "or an impostor, after all, your representations! Speak, man, what's so terrible about this matter?"

"A leper! an impostor! Would God he were only that!" groaned the wretched father, whose very heart-blood curdled at the thought of his child's marriage to a murderer; and throwing himself into a chair he buried his face in his hands, and crouched forward with his head between his knees, utterly crushed by the appalling rebound of the mischief he had planned upon his own head.

The mother and daughter took swift counsel of each other's wondering looks, and the daughter, whose scorn was more affected than she could have wished (for she had never expected or intended her obnoxious elder sister to be lovely and such a blockhead), burst off with fitting or twenty thousand pounds a year in revenge for her little sister's stab against the stately German, after whom Adalgisa had been breaking her elegantly white neck; the daughter, I say, whose scorn was more than half-assumed to cover a raging, ramping envy, felt the small, cold, flinty organ she called her heart swell with the sweet hope that "dear Gisa" had made a fatal blunder instead of a daring, dazzling success.

"If you had explained this miserable matter right through to us" remarked she, with spiteful lucidity, "we should have known what we were all about, but you chose to confide only half your scheme, so—of course. You men seem to imagine that all women are irrational gabies, incapable of comprehending common-sense, so you treat us to half-confidences and clumsy subterfuges; when you find yourself outwitted it serves you right I say, it serves you right!"

"Hush—hush, my dear!" exclaimed her mother, disconcerted at the ringing canto of her vivacious child: "your father knows his own affairs best, of course, and anyway this is not the time to reprimand him; don't you see that he is seriously distressed? My dear Mark, is it not very important that Griffith should have married Cora?"

"Important!" echoed Gaylure, sitting up with bloodshot eyes and wild, haggard aspect, "my God, woman, our girl has married a—" he stopped, choking, his hands thrust convulsively among his well-preserved locks, which he tore in evident despair.

"A what?" cried Mrs. Gaylure, in dismay.

"A WHAT?" echoed Crystal, in breathless suspense.

He sprung up with an inarticulate cry, more like the shriek of a woman in pain than a word, and staggered across the room as if he vainly sought a spot upon which he might stand free of agonizing torture.

His wife gazed aghast for a minute, Crystal peered after him with the glimmering of a wicked exultation dawning on her wizen face; then Mrs. Gaylure ran to him, and with wifely entreaties and cajoleries besought him to recover himself, to sit down, and above all to explain. He said nothing, indeed he did nothing which he had to recall the most cherished secret ambitions of his crooked policy, he made an attempt to bend his back to the hideous burden, which an avenging justice had dropped upon him, and to stagger onward with decent steadiness.

Above all, not to explain to these, his women, for Crystal's biting reproach was deserved. Marcus Gaylure had ever felt the profoundest contempt for feminine intelligence, and counted no scheme safe which was clear to woman's eye.

"Well, it can't be undone now," he said, hoarsely, but with a sullen sort of heroism, for the look of him he might drop in a swoon.

any minute; "it is the shattering of the finest enterprise of my life, that's all. Good heavens—" he checked himself again, wrenching his mind off the horrible crime which was torturing him; "well, as I said, nothing can be done! They're married fast enough by this time, I suppose. When did it happen?"

"I believe they went away last evening early, though we never discovered it until this morning," said his wife. "I never was so astounded in my life, for I thought, if I thought anything, that she was interested in that German doctor; but there is seems I knew something about that; anything else connected with this wonderful hidden plot of yours you choose to keep your poor faithful wife in the dark, excepting me to act my part like an automaton whose wires you held, knowing neither end nor middle of the play!" And now, I suppose my poor girl is sacrificed to some dreadful impostor whom you have been putting forward—" The now tragically-weeping mother stopped abruptly, bristling with indignation, for it was evident by the glassy, vacant eye and knitted brow that her lord heard not a word she said. Crystal gave utterance to a low, malicious laugh.

"Give him time, mamma dear, and don't disturb him, don't you see he's concocting the explanation?" breathed she, softly as a zephyr.

Gaylure turned his terrible eyes upon her with a look that froze the devilish laughter on her lip and made her heart stand still in a sudden horror.

"Pry into this matter," said he, slowly, and bending forward to pierce her very soul with his glare, "and with my own hand I swear I'll choke you as I choke a rat!" As for your wife?" he added, grimly, to his partner in罪行. "see that your imp there obeys me, and be you deaf, dumb and blind to all connected with the Warren-Guilderland scheme, from this hour. It was a noble scheme it would have been a source of princely income to me as long as I lived, but it succeeded, but our daughter, our ever indulged and idolized daughter, chose to betray her poor, unsuspecting father in the supposition that she was feathering her own nest, and now nothing but ruin, nothing but ruin!" And, with an abrupt and alarming leap from fury to grief, he crouched down again, his whole figure convulsed, shaken by rending sobs; which unprecedented spectacle subdued his quaking wife to the unquestioning fidelity and sympathy of a dog, and inflamed Crystal's curiosity into a maddening pitch.

And there and then, despite her father's frenzied commands and threats, she vowed by all her wife that, come what might, the cause of consternation on account of Adalgisa's run-away match should be her property sooner or later.

Mr. Gaylure had made up his mind, too, that he would have nothing more to do with Warren Guilderland.

Every sinner has his one spark of saintliness. Gaylure's chance to be a devoted and yearning love for his beautiful eldest daughter. Those who only knew the sharp lawyer in his office would have laughed incredulously could they have read the emotions of his heart toward Adalgisa; his exultant pride in her loveliness and popularity, his craving for her love, his sleepless anxiety on the subject of her future welfare. He never plunged his wistful gaze into the depths of her broad, slumberous, superb brown orbs without feeling a sort of intoxication of delight; he never marked the regal sway and poise of her voluptuous figure without picturing to himself in rapture future scenes of glory in which it was to play the heroine's part.

To secure her happiness, not only the outer surroundings, but also what most ambitious fathers covet for their daughters—but real heart-happiness, he would have been contented to sacrifice himself and every other soul belonging to him; and all the while he thought he had hidden this devotion so deep in his own wary soul that none, not even Adalgisa herself, suspected it. He undervalued the sharpness of his second daughter's intellect.

And his idol had linked her fortunes with those of a murderer!

The man sat down under the blow hopeless. He had nothing more to work for. Let things turn as they might, he was done with them.

Only he caught himself praying to God to let his darling die, rather than live in the contaminating companionship of the youth whom he had tempted to imbue his hands in blood.

Adalgisa had struck while the iron was hot. She had been wise in her day and generation beyond the creation of her sneering younger sister. She had little faith in the fidelity of her betrothed should it be tried in time or by the return of Cora, she manipulated circumstances with those lazy, indolent, luxurious faculties of hers, of no one who knew her ever expected anything; and Griffith found himself, how he knew not, hurried by some invisible power into a marriage which had never entered into his head until the lady herself had put it there.

Amazed at her, himself, and fate generally, he left her, stupidly staring into vacancy. Cut to the soul, you think, by the hand she has heaped upon her? Spare your commiseration, gentle lady reader. Have you never met a handsome, popular, "jolly" woman, as coarse-grained internally as she was beautiful externally? A woman whose beauty had assumed exaggerated value in her own sight, from constantly hearing it praised and constantly seeing it in the open countenance of every desirable young woman and pleasure-cave coquette to pass, while the possessors of merely the beautiful mind had to stick to the background, and sternly held accountable for her every trip and slip? A woman with so little soul that the most cherished objects of her existence are to climb into warm nests, be treated with distinction, see the world at her feet, the men in homage, the women in envy; to have the means of bedizening that far too precious body of hers with the costly webs and the glittering stones which only hard cash can supply? A woman who can hear unmoved the denunciations of the man who has to walk life's path hand-in-hand with her to the end, can read his bitter contempt of her thousand and one spiritual deformities, and cares not a jot, as long as he can say nothing against her body's beauty, and does not deprive her of her physical luxuries?

This was Adalgisa's nature: a woman of little brain-power, consequently of little heart, and hands not enough for all superficial fools to worship.

And if she felt the blow of Griffith's unexpected outburst, it was not because that she had lost his respect; it was because the appalling suspicion had entered her mind that Griffith had lost his fortune, or had never had it!

"Have I been mad?" she gasped, when the chilled blood had begun to circulate once more; "have I taken this fellow on trust, and is there nothing behind? Let me think; why was I so sure that he was the heir? I never saw any money to speak of with him, and he had only one servant; then what assured me that every thing was as father said? To be sure father explained that as yet Griffith was a minor, and chose to remain under his protection as a private gentleman, studying and improving himself until he was twenty-one; and father would never advance all the money he needed unless—oh, confound it! I've no head to puzzle it out, and I'd die before I'd ask Crys to help me, the spiteful cat! Anyway, I'm awfully unhappy, and I wish I'd never seen the cub. I suppose there's no way but to ask Kool what he meant. Pleasant employment for the bride in her honeymoon, I'm sure! And that was why they all seemed so tremendously quiet about it! They know I'm married myself!"

Turning over these disagreeable reflections in her mind, Adalgisa hastened to remove the traces of her wrath, to smooth her ruffled plume, and to don a bonny aspect. She had contrived to steal away the boy from the custody of his lifelong guardian and watch-dog, Kool, and now that she was obliged to appeal to him for the important piece of information which her lord would not impart himself, it behooved her to try her best at conciliating him.

Kool had been in distraction at his master's desperate act; much as he had opposed his suit

The lady glared at him, ready to annihilate him, but doubtting her ears.

"What in the world do you mean, Griffith?" she inquired, sitting up straight, as abnormal an attitude for her sultana form as swinging on the trapeze. "One would suppose, to hear you, that some misfortune had befallen you."

"And one would be right," said the boy, coldly, leaning his forehead once more on his hand.

Like some high-spirited, blood-horse which eyes an alarming object in its quivering nostrils and uttering snorts of execration, the fair woman eyed her juvenile lord and mate with breath coming faster and faster, her lips curling, her cheeks burning with their richest vermilion, and her superb eyes kindling with the ungovernable, the cruel, the tigerish wrath of a slow, selfish, sensual nature which was being at last aroused.

"So, you tell me to my face, ten days after marrying me, that our marriage is a misfortune to you?" she said, in a slow, low voice, a little inarticulate with repressed rage.

"Yes, for you and for me; a misfortune which I had no right to upon you, and you had no right to take upon yourself," said Griffith, lifting his head again to fling a fearless, because utterly hopeless and reckless, glance toward her.

"May I ask why?" muttered she, still more thickly, her voluptuous bosom swelling till it burst its laces.

"Certainly," said Griffith, with a short laugh; "it is the first time you have asked for any explanation of the trouble I can't help feeling and showing on account of this most ill-advised marriage."

"There are reasons, oh, yes—plenty—plenty of them; but two will suffice. I shall tell you one, and you can go and ask Kool for the other."

He rose and came toward her with a scornful expression which, in his hot, reckless youth, he made no attempt to conceal, and standing directly in front of the now quivering and roused woman, resumed:

"I told you that day on the balcony—you know when I mean—that it was Cora I loved. You saw plainly that my love was no ordinary boyish fancy which would wear away; you saw that it was my very life—the one blessed joy of my poor, lonely, incomprehensible existence. And you chose—God knows how—to entrap me into marriage with you!"

"Entrap!" shrieked Adalgisa, springing up with dilated form and blazing indignation close to her, her panting fanning his face and her eyes darting lightning into his "take that word back—back, I say!" she raved, stamping her foot; "down on your knees, you hound, and answer me!"

On my knees? Well, yes, I owe it to you, madam, if not to her," he said, bitterly to himself. "Here, then, madam," addressing her in a hard voice, "at your feet I ask your pardon for—"

"Using the insolent term you did," prompted Adalgisa, seeing that he paused a moment.

"For allowing myself to be entrapped," said he, as hard as before, and utterly unheeding her furious gesture. "Had I been but half a man I should have laughed at your snares; had I been anything but a silly, credulous, broken-hearted boy, I should have borne my sorrow with silent fortitude, and not permitted a mercenary adventure!" —again unheeding her shriek of fury, to scratch at my liberty in the depths of despair. Had you been sensible of the truth when you assumed that I had unwittingly won your love, I should have devoted myself to making you happy; I should then have thought our marriage no misfortune—at least to me, whatever it might be to you, poor wretch; but when I discover in the course of the first week that you care no more for me than I do for you—that you only married me for the sake of Warren-Guilderland—that in fact you are only a base, unscrupulous, coarse-minded schemer—how can I tell you how I loathe you? How can I endure the poignant conviction that my love, my Cora, is as heavenly good as you are devilishly bad? And how can I ever forgive you for robbing me of all chance to win her, as I now truly believe I might have done, in time? This, madam, is my reason for calling our marriage a misfortune. Kool will inform you further of other particularly personal matters, which it would befit me to inflict upon myself by confessing with all my heart to him, and then, if need be, to the world."

Long before the conclusion of this merciless explanation he had started up to his feet again, and was standing fiercely over her in anything but a penitent attitude, and having said all he cared to say then, cowering her into silence by his hardness and by the horribly unexpected tenor of his last few words, he turned and strode from her presence.

And the young bride stood just where he had left her, stupidly staring into vacancy. Cut to the soul, you think, by the hand she has heaped upon her? Spare your commiseration, gentle lady reader.

Have you never met a handsome, popular, "jolly" woman, as coarse-grained internally as she was beautiful externally? A woman whose beauty had assumed exaggerated value in her own sight, from constantly hearing it praised and constantly seeing it in the open countenance of every desirable young woman and pleasure-cave coquette to pass, while the possessors of merely the beautiful mind had to stick to the background, and sternly held accountable for her every trip and slip? A woman with so little soul that the most cherished objects of her existence are to climb into warm nests, be treated with distinction, see the world at her feet, the men in homage, the women in envy; to have the means of bedizening that far too precious body of hers with the costly webs and the glittering stones which only hard cash can supply? A woman who can hear unmoved the denunciations of the man who has to walk life's path hand-in-hand with her to the end, can read his bitter contempt of her thousand and one spiritual deformities, and cares not a jot, as long as he can say nothing against her body's beauty, and does not deprive her of her physical luxuries?

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"Don't you see?" snapp'd she, pique lending her unusual animation; "nobody cares."

"All the better, since what's done can't be undone," returned the bridegroom in a gloomy voice.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SEEING THE SIREN AS SHE IS.

"THERE would have been more said over the marriage of my washerwoman's daughter," she cried, indignantly. "A pretty pass when

MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I gently wended toward the school.
My father had me by the collar,
I thought the road to learning hard,
And didn't want to be a scholar;
I'd rather gathered Wisdom's lore
By sliding down the hill at Rudy's,
And skating held out far more fun
Than recreations they called studies.

I was installed into a seat
I scarcely did look like the master;
He did not give a cent for fun.
And fooling round would bring disaster.
How strange the faces looked in school,
Although I knew them all!
Restriction, like it did on me,
Had thrown a different look upon them.

My books with flew leaves white and fair!
I far preferred to the printed:
And my books were fly-leaves all!

The school days had been brighter tinted.

How nice to mark on, or tear out!

And chew in the pictures that the print!

I liked the pictures but the print
Failed to produce a similar feeling.

And how much better than a fence
That black dog that barked now handy!

Or why stick him with a pin!

But that day I forbore, oh, Andy!

And we were not allowed to talk—

The very worst of aggravations;

We had been constrained to keep

Our mouths shut at the recitations!

I wasn't used to sitting still

Except when set upon by rule;

The use of it was not apparent!

I somehow felt away from home,

My spirit not the least bit boisterous,

And for that day at least I think

Yours hardly say that I was roisterous.

I thought the best time in a school

Was not the time for a boy!

And thought if school were one recess

Twould better meet my approbation.

The lad behind poked fun at me;

I poked his nose, so aggravated;

The master spanked me on the knee;

And thus I was inaugurated.

But I was remarkably popular;

At the school recitals were on duly,

And learned to make myself at home.

And got along just as unruly.

I think if switchings can be called

A part of early education,

I have a right to think myself

The smartest man in all creation.

Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;
OR,

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGOON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ,
AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE
SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

VIII.

THE OFFICERS WITH CUSTER were all old soldiers, good riders and good shots, but they found it a very different job to what they expected, killing a buffalo. Only one of them succeeded in bagging his game. He was a cool old fellow who never fired till he was sure of his mark, and he took three shots before he finished his buffalo. Another fired away twelve shots out of two revolvers, and was ready to swear he hit his bull every time, but the old fellow lumbered away, and, as no blood was found, the captain was obliged to own up he might have missed every time, or to be excited. Another hit his buffalo fairly first shot, for he scored the blood spot, but it was in the neck, and the bullet bruted turned on him so ferociously that he chased horse and rider off the field. All the rest had a good laugh at that officer, you may be sure, and he didn't get over it for a long time. Next chance he had he stuck to his buffalo till he killed him. It takes courage to hunt a bull buffalo, as well as to fight a battle. It's not all easy as it looks.

By this time the herd had all dispersed, and the horsemen were at the banks of the stream, where they did not expect the column to come up. As they did not, the Delaware head trail-enter to Custer in great confusion.

"Look, General, look!" he cried, and pointed to the other side of the stream. It ran between high steep banks, in the midst of a charming little green valley, covered with very long grass and bushes. There, on the other side, tied to a tree, were two Indian ponies, saddled and bridled.

The scout gave a long cry and waved his hand in the air, and up came the other scouts in a hurry, headed by Wild Bill. They had not been hunting, but attending to their business of trailing. They all saw what was the matter, and down the steep bank went the whole crowd, and over the river to Custer in their midst.

The scouts were now very busy now. The ponies tied to the trees were evidently Indian property, and they were both covered with sweat, *not yet dry*. Whoever owned them could not be far from them. A little way off were the ashes of a number of fires, and in one of them the embers were still smoking. The Indians must have stopped for breakfast, not more than five hours before.

But who owned the ponies, and where were they? The Delaware soon solved that question.

He said that they must have belonged to two scouts who had left behind to watch for pursuit, and that it was therefore plain that the Indians could not be far from them. They were followed, till the buffalo-hunters had narrowly run into them. He said that the scouts were probably somewhere down the stream, looking for game for breakfast, and was confident that one of them was a great war-chief of the Cheyennes, named Roman Nose.

"How do you know that, chief?" asked Custer.

The Delaware pointed to one of the ponies. On the saddle hung a white buck-skin frock, every seam fringed with locks of human hair, on scalps.

"What is the jacket of Roman Nose. I have seen him wear it many a time," he said in his own language to Wild Bill, who interpreted to Custer.

That was conclusive. The scene was struck. The question now was how to hurry up the wagons. Down they came, lumbering along to the banks of the stream, but it was a very different thing taking them across to going over with the cavalry alone. It was fully an hour before a place could be found where the wagons could cross, and all this time the scouts were hunting up and down the stream for Roman Nose and his friend. On the other side of the stream the trail looked just like a country road, so plain and wide, and it was very tantalizing to have to wait for the command to go on, for fear other bands of Indians might be prowling round, watching for a chance to capture them.

At last the wagons were got over, and the pursuit was resumed at a sharp trot, the scouts scattered far ahead.

Still the trail kept single and broad. It was plain that the tribe still thought itself out of danger. The sun began to sink lower and lower, and at last, just as he was almost touching the horizon, a long line of dark timber in a green bottom showed that they had come to another stream.

All this time the officers and Custer had been watching the horizon in all directions, with great intentness. Every now and then they could see dark moving objects in the distance, which

everybody was ready to swear must be Indians. They could almost see the feathers. But the Delaware chief only shook his head and laughed.

"Maybe so no Injun, General—only buffalo."

"Yes, but out there," said Custer, "I can see the horses."

"Mustang," said the Delaware briefly.

If an officer rode out and halted, it always turned out the Indian was right. It was nothing but a herd of buffalo or mustangs. So they went on till they reached the stream, and evening at the same time, when a halt was called.

The scouts then announced that they could not follow the trail any longer, that they must wait for daylight. The horses were very quiet, well fagged out, for they had ridden all day long without halting. Moreover the scouts told them that this stream was the last they would come to for twenty miles. It was clearly impossible, therefore, to push on. They must go into camp, rest and feed their horses, and make double haste in the morning. The wagon-teams especially needed rest and food. So they crossed the stream and went into camp, finding splendid grass and abundance of wood.

One thing they noticed here which showed that Roman Nose and his companion must have at least reached the tribe and given the alarm. *There were no fires*. The Indians had evidently pitched on the right.

Of course there were two sides to this business.

If the Indians had the start, an advantage, it was also clear that they would have to push on all night, with tired horses, for at least twenty miles, without rest or water; and that the freshened strength of their pursuers might enable them to quickly catch up next day, if they went into camp at night. It was clear that, so far, they had outstripped the Indians.

So they went into camp, setting a strong picket outside to watch, while the horses enjoyed themselves amazingly in the deep grass of the river bottom. Their course during the night had been due north from the place they had left, via the trail of the Arkansas River.

They were now approaching the Smoky Hill Fork of the Kansas, a valley then traversed by a stage road, and through which the Kansas Pacific Railroad now runs. Since those days, only ten years ago now, there has been a great change there. In the solitary prairies, through which Custer then chased the roving Cheyennes, not an Indian is now to be seen, and the screaming locomotive dashes through the valleys, cutting the swells like a ship on the ocean, while great farms, where thousands of cattle roam over square miles of territory, occupy the old hunting grounds of Cheyenne and Arapahoe.

Next morning, while the stars were still shining, the clear notes of the stage rung out the "reville." That means "Wake up!" A moment later out rolled the rattling notes of the "stable call," to which the soldiers used to sing the old song:

"Come to the stable all you that are able,
And lay down your horses, and give them some corn;
For if you don't do it, the colonel shall know it;
And then you shall rue it, as sure as you're born."

Every cavalry soldier knows that old song, so out tumbled the men of the Seventh, and went to work with a will.

The *trails* began to scatter again!

The Delaware chief decided to follow the center one, guided by the marks of the lodges, poles, and the column started on. Very soon they discovered that the country had changed very much in character. Instead of rolling green grass and plenty of game there was a dry, flat plain, with scanty grass and quantities of low brambles. This plain was seamed with great cracks, sometimes ten or twenty feet deep, and opening out to six or eight feet wide. These cracks delayed the wagons very much, while the drivers had to be continually on the heads of the fissures before they could pass.

The grass grew so bad that they could hardly see the trails of the lodges, and the further they went the more the trail scattered. Presently they saw a few black specks in the distance, and coming up found them to be a farewell kiss, or a word of explanation, leaving Georgeia to think what she pleased, to do as she chose.

That had been a real true love of his life, the one woman whose lightest touch, whose shyest glance had power to make every nerve tingling; the only woman he had felt was mistress of his destiny, for whom he could do or dare endure all things.

For six months she had been so happy—so marvelously happy, that the girl had felt, by some subtle instinct, that such happiness could not last; then when her father died, and it was Philipine Warren who had been compelled to work for her living alone, Wallace Omar walked deliberately away with so much as a farewell kiss, or a word of explanation, leaving Georgeia to think what she pleased.

Of course he loved her—but not as he had loved Georgeia May, bright, plump, sparkling little Georgeia May, with her laughing black eyes and crimson cheeks, and dimpled chin.

She had been the one real true love of his life, the one woman whose lightest touch, whose shyest glance had power to make every nerve tingling; the only woman he had felt was mistress of his destiny, for whom he could do or dare endure all things.

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On Broadway he bought a "boulevard"—violets and a creamy rosebud, and a scarlet carnation, and went leisurely on, the very ideal of a gentleman of wealth and position, and plenty of spare time.

Went straight to Jessamine Warren—and Destiny.

This was encouraging. They pressed on at a trot. Presently they came on a bundle of lodges poles on the ground, where it had been thrown off, then another, then another.

At last the lodge-pole trail ceased.

Now who was to find where were the warriors and where the women and children? The pony tracks became fewer every moment. Here one turned off, there another—one to the right, one to the left. Which was to be followed?

To the right, indeed, of course, you would imagine that every half mile or so a party of Indians broke off on each side, and as soon as they were out of sight, hid behind a swell of the prairie, whence they were now safely watching the column from each side, some far in the rear. The soldiers kept on, the Indians breaking off, so that by the time the column reached the Smoky Hill River Road, the last pony track had disappeared.

So Custer had taken his next lesson in Indian warfare—that soldiers can never catch Indians, if the Indians don't want it, or unless they are led by surprise. It was clear now that he need chase them no longer. It all the words of tracks behind, what was to tell which was warrior, which squaw, or how soon the Indians might unite if the soldiers separated! The only thing left to do was to march down the Smoky Hill stage road, and warn the people that the Indians were up and going to fight everybody, not in small parties, but the best they knew how.

That was the last Custer saw of the Cheyennes that year. As he went down the stage-road he found they had been before him. Stations were found burned, horses had been carried off, men killed, scalped and burned in their own houses, and the wives were seen feeding on their half-cooked bacon.

Before the column reached Fort Hays, the new terminus of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, Custer had seen enough sickening sights to show that Indian warfare meant more than five hours before.

Presently they came on a bundle of lodges poles on the ground, where it had been thrown off, then another, then another.

"I would try not to mourn for any one who was so false and cruel, dear! But, if you loved him so much, you will be sorry for him."

Nina caught the words eagerly, passionately.

"Loved him! Oh, Miss Jessamine, I loved him so I would have shared suffering and death with him!"

"And can't you learn to look upon him as he deserves? Nina, you ought to congratulate yourself that you have escaped the fate of being such a wretched wife!" Poor—"

A loud rap on the door interrupted her, and a maid-servant addressed her.

"Please, Miss Warren, Mr. Omar would like to see you in the drawing-room."

And Nina gave a little startled cry, and sprung to her feet in pale agony.

"Mr. Omar! Wallace Omar! Oh, Miss Jessamine!"

Miss Warren was scarcely less agitated herself, as she took the words off the girl's tongue.

"Georgia—is it he?" Was Wallace Omar your lover—the man who deserted you?"

Georgeia May saw a glint in Miss Warren's eyes.

"It is the same—oh, Miss Jessamine!"

Miss Warren's clear, cold eyes looked steadily through the window several minutes; then she smiled slowly.

"I'll postpone Ethel's drive till to-morrow. You'll be good, won't you, dear? Nina, I'm coming back to finish our little confidence directly,"

She went down the grand staircase slowly, gracefully, and Mr. Omar heard the rustle of her silk train with a glad thrill of delight, and

north-west, through Kansas into Nebraska, to scour the Nebraska river.

While Custer was preparing for this expedition, he had one or two adventures near Fort Hays, which we shall try to tell next week.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

Why He Didn't Succeed.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MR. WALLACE OMAR drew on his immaculate lavender kids with a self-satisfied air, and then, preparatory to taking his little ratty cane, indulged in a lengthy, critical scrutiny of himself in the mirror of the dressing-case.

He saw a tall, well-formed young fellow, somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty; a fact that not only Mr. Omar himself, but many young ladies thought very good-looking—that Jessamine Warren at present, and little gazelle-eyed Georgie May, a few months back, what a lover's kisses were—though it had not yet met stately Miss Warren's lips, was in a very likely state to be so favored.

Altogether, a stylish, fine-looking man, from his close-cut hair to his well-polished boots, and who, although he had not yet the power to make Miss Warren's heart throb very rebelliously, still was the most welcome and highly favored guest at the mansion on Madison avenue.

It had been a grand stroke of good fortune—Mr. Omar's acquaintance and intimacy with the lovely heiress who held all her property in her own fair hands, and who was well known as being very gracious to her handsome, stylish lover, who drove his four-in-hand, and had his yacht, and boarded at the St. Agnes.

He was bewildering, fascinating beyond ordinary, and a lady's heart fairly bounded at the thought how near he was to the acme of his hopes and ambitions.